

249
NEW SERIES: CONTAINING THE ROYAL GALLERY.

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THE
ART-JOURNAL.



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THE ILLUSTRATIONS.

1. CONSTANTINOPLE: THE GOLDEN HORN. Engraved by T. A. PRIOR, from the Picture by J. JACOBS, in the Royal Collection at Osborne.
2. ST. CATHERINE. Engraved by J. M. ST. EVE, from the Picture by GUIDO, in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.
3. THE LATE EARL OF BELFAST. Engraved by R. A. ARTLETT, from the Statue by P. MACDOWELL, R.A.

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The Editor of the ART-JOURNAL, considering that work will be well employed in rendering familiar the beauties and attractions of the RIVER THAMES, has made arrangements for describing and illustrating a very large proportion of its peculiar and varied characteristics, from its rise in Trewsbury Mead to its junction with the German Ocean at the Nore. By an extensive series of engravings on wood he will endeavour to render the subject justice; obtaining competent and valuable assistance in the several departments it will naturally comprise. Among the subjects thus illustrated will be the picturesque river scenery; ancient ruins and remains of antiquity; baronial residences; historic sites; places associated with memories of great men; bridges and locks; the botanical productions, the fish, the insects, peculiar to the Thames and its banks; the barges and boats; in short, it will be the duty of the artist to picture all matters that can explain and illustrate the river as it flows from its cradle to the sea. The object of this early announcement is to ask the aid of artists who have made sketches of the river-banks, and of any person who can supply to the Editor information on the subject. He hopes, with the assistance upon which he is already permitted to calculate, to render THE BOOK OF THE THAMES a desirable contribution to that LITERATURE which is essentially aided in interest and value by association with ART.

THE EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL VOLUME OF THE ART-JOURNAL commenced with the January Monthly Part of that Work; but our Subscribers have been made aware that in consequence of our arrangement to issue a NEW SERIES—such *New Series* beginning with the Royal Gallery—the aforesaid Part is made to commence

VOL. II. OF THE NEW SERIES;

the Part for January, 1856, being the Thirteenth Monthly Part.

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The volumes preceding those of 1849 have been for some time "out of print," and are readily purchased at prices larger than the original cost.

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We reply to every letter, requiring an answer, that may be sent to us with the writer's name and address; but we pay no attention to anonymous communications.

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THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1856.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



VERY high authority, in matters of taste as in other things, has pronounced Trafalgar Square to be "the finest site in Europe." Declining in this case, as has happened to us in many a case besides, to ratify the verdict of "very high authority," we can still admit the claim of Trafalgar Square to be considered the finest location in the metropolis of England; and all the improvements which time will surely bring in the grand line of avenue that stretches away from it to the Palace and Abbey of Westminster, will add more and more to the beauty and dignity of the site. On the highest ground of this commanding area—on that chosen spot of a chosen space which groups all the great features of the growing avenue into its point of view—the National Gallery and the Royal Academy have, by favour of the nation, for many years kept house together.

It is in the natural progress of youthful institutions that are well housed and generously nourished, to outgrow the accommodations devised for their childhood; and these two establishments have, accordingly—notwithstanding some original defects of constitution in each case, and a more than ordinary oversight on the part of the nurses in the case of the first (the National Gallery)—so expanded in limb and stature as long since to jostle each other in the building which they occupy in common, and to be each in the way of a full and fair development of the other's proportions. The National Gallery, in especial, has grown into so rich a promise, and so great is the future projected for it, that the entire edifice of which it occupies only half, with all its capacities for enlargement, is, as we argued last month, wholly inadequate to their realisation.

Were this not so, it must be distinctly understood, that the entire edifice was available for the purposes of the national collection. It is important to the argument which we have hereafter to maintain, to have it clearly borne in mind, that the Royal Academy, though occupying in common, has no right concurrent, with the National Gallery. It is established by the evidence of official witnesses, and affirmed by the reports of consecutive committees, that the occupancy of the Royal Academy in Trafalgar Square is merely expedient and provisional, contingent on the convenience of the neighbour institution, and determinable at any time on the demand of its trustees. The present President of the Royal Academy, himself, takes no larger view, in that respect, of the rights of the institution over which he presides, than one which admits its liability to removal, on the condition of its having accommodations not inferior to its present ones provided for it elsewhere. There are many among the public who, looking at the Academy, as a private society, working out its own objects irresponsibly and in its own way, and possessed of large funds of its own, drawn to a great extent from the public through a sort of trading medium, deny its right to be housed at the national cost at all. For ourselves, we can

take no such narrow view of the matter. Seeing the long period of years during which this institution has been so lodged by the nation, the many useful objects which it has carried out in the accommodations thus provided, and the many noble uses which it has made of the funds there acquired, we think the Academy has an excellent case of prescription supporting its claim to at least such amount of aid in this respect as was originally provided for it, by George III., in Somerset House. But, to its present apartments in Trafalgar Square, we repeat, the Royal Academy has no right beyond that of a tenancy at will;—and it follows *a fortiori*, that, to any suggested enlargement of such accommodations it must show a title on grounds altogether new and distinct from those which sustain its present prescription. The claim to subsidy *at all*, apart from the prescription, must build in this day on arguments very different from those which justified the original beneficence of George III. That in the time of the early struggle of our native Arts into academic figure and corporate action, the king should save the young society the expense of house rent, which it had not means of its own to pay, is intelligible now, as it was reasonable then;—but, that the nation should be held to have thereby contracted an obligation to enlarge indefinitely its provision in this kind with the enlarging figure of the institution, when the very growth which creates the necessity for the enlarged provision has supplied amply to the institution itself the means of furnishing it, is an inference too violent and illogical to be suggested in terms. If the Royal Academy, now a rich and prosperous body, has something of great value to ask from the nation, to which it can show no existing title, then, we suppose, it is prepared to give to the nation, in return, something which the nation already has not, and which it is important that it should have.—Well, then, the matter stands thus. The building in Trafalgar Square is, as we have said, far too small for the combined objects of the two institutions which at present it houses,—and that one of the two which has had at any time the right to the whole, enforceable by the expulsion of the other (the Royal Academy), is, nevertheless, about to emigrate in search of yet larger capabilities than even that whole would supply. Thereupon, the Royal Academy, for whose more limited objects the entire building about to be thus partially vacated would furnish a majestic space, aspires to extend its tenure, which at present is of a part and for a time, into a possession of the whole and for ever. This is a very large demand, and should have something very substantive to show as a consideration. Why should the nation give away its finest site (and a site by some prized over all other sites in Europe) save for some important national object? The Government that bestows this grand location will have to show good cause for its appropriation. The very courage to ask for such an endowment can have been inspired, it may be assumed, only by the disposition to concede whatever can properly be demanded on behalf of those for whom the government granting are trustees. To make a title, the Academy should be prepared to renew itself in the spirit, and to the dimensions, of the gift. Such a title we, for one, would be disposed freely to accept. We can, for ourselves, see good grounds of public policy why the Academy should have this building,—but then, the Academy must be ready to give to those grounds of public policy their due place and weight. In a word, this palace and its site, the property of the nation, must be paid for, if not all in money (and the money value would absorb the funds of the Academy, large as they are, four times over), in something which the nation deems to be money's worth. Now, it has long been widely felt that—much for its own sake, and more for the sake of the public—for a great addition to its own dignity, and for the far more complete fulfilment of its mission—certain reforms are needed in the Royal Academy which the public has had no power to enforce on a private association. The time to make terms is now, when the Academy is a petitioner to so vast an extent. To a private society this magnificent property, built for a national institution, and admirably fitted for some great national object, cannot—or should not—be given away. In every respect the Academy has, we think, a great opportunity just now before it, which, if it neglect, must ultimately fall to the adoption of some other institu-

tion than itself; and it is in a spirit of respect for it and its history—for its workers and their works,—and almost as much, we repeat, in its own interest as in the interest of the public,—that we think it well to discuss here the conditions on which Government might wisely treat with it for a full possession of the building in Trafalgar Square, when the removal of the National Gallery shall leave that great property open to a new destination.

That the Royal Academy has pressing need of further space, to enable it to carry out worthily the objects of which it has charge, no one who has looked with interest on the growth of Art and the struggles of artists in this country will deny;—and we, for one, would gladly see such space liberally assigned to it, on the sole condition that it shall understand in a far larger sense than it now does the nature of its trust,—and rise, as it has never yet done, to the dignity of its mission. There is no year that does not bring this insufficiency of space painfully before the public; and part of the resentment which is not properly visitable on the Academy on this account falls on it, nevertheless, because of that narrowness of view in other respects which is felt as constituting a sound objection to its endowment with more extended means. In its moments of irritation or of disappointment, the public does not readily distinguish between that which the Academy does not do because it cannot, and that which it does not do though it might;—particularly if there be a feeling that the latter failing has some relation to, and dependence on, the former.—Take as an instance of the insufficiency in question, the treatment which the highest branch of the Arts, Sculpture, has received annually at the exhibitions in Trafalgar Square; and it will be felt that it would be difficult to find a more striking expression than this of the utter inadequacy to the true purposes of such an institution, either of the Academy or of its means. We fear, that in this case the blame is to be shared between them,—the body itself, and the means which it commands. While there is, beyond all question, within the present walls a lamentable want of spaces suitable to the exhibition of sculpture, it is equally certain that the academicians have not made, in favour of their sculptor brethren, a generous use of the spaces which *have* been at their disposal, and have not shown generally such an interest in this most spiritual portion of their trust as they could now put confidently forward for a title to a larger endowment.—Then, as another instance, the multitude of deserving pictures which are constantly rejected from the exhibitions of the Royal Academy for want of wall to hang them on, forms, from the extent of its application, the most distressing incident of the artist-year. When we take into account the long months of toil, and anxiety, and aspiration which have preceded the birth of each one of these pictures, it is impossible not to feel sensibly the disappointment of the painter at a repulse which is not upon the merits. They who have the arrangements of each year have many hard things to bear in adjusting the comparative claims of the excellence for which there is room; but they must feel as hardest of all the necessity under which they labour of turning merit absolutely away on ground so merely extrinsic as that of want of accommodation.—Unhappily, however, under the present narrow dispensation, there is a worse fate even than that of being rejected. By the necessities of the case, for many an unfortunate picture the true road to non-exhibition is to be hung on the walls of the Royal Academy. The vast disproportion between the amount of wall which *can* be occupied, and the number of works claiming to be its occupants, brings all the high lines and dark corners of the former into requisition. Some picture into which the artist may have wrought his passion for the beautiful and his thirst for fame, and on which he has expended the labour that was, perhaps, to buy his children's bread for the year, is, on the auspicious May-Monday which, as he hopes, is to re-admit himself and introduce the public to its presence, by him discovered only after an anxious hunt—courting obscurity in some secluded nook, under the shelter of two neighbouring frames,—and by the public never discovered at all. Whole rows of works, each one the exponent, after its kind, of a glowing sense or of a patient thought, are ranged along the roof-line,—placed for immortality according to that material version which looks up for it, but missing it by the distance which reduces their themes



to simple riddles—as if the hanger had been the Sphinx, and the catalogue were *Œdipus*. Many a wound of the heart is carried home from the crowded rooms of the Royal Academy on that first Monday in the merry month of May. There is, as we have said, most pressing need of a remedy for all this,—for spaces at the disposal of the Academy in which every candidate picture can be exhibited that deserves exhibition, and no one shall be hung where it cannot be fairly seen.

For these latter expressions of the existing insufficiency the body of the Royal Academy are, of course, not to blame,—save in that secondary sense in which they fail so to attract the public esteem to the greatness of their trust, as to command from the public sympathy ample means for its whole fulfilment. To this end they must give to that trust in many particulars a new and enlarged interpretation. The spirit and requirements of the age have far outgrown the narrow scheme of the institution; and in our desire for a reconsideration of that scheme, in view of the opportunity which now presents itself of providing the means to carry out its reconstruction on a grander scale, we have, as we know, the sympathy of the artist body in general, and of some intelligent and far-seeing members of the Academy itself.

The first thing to be amended in conformity with the spirit of the times in which we live, is a radical defect in the original constitution of the Academy itself. We have, in the course of this article, more than once spoken of this institution as “a private society,”—and we dare say there is a large body of the public, accustomed to look on the Academy, in its national palace, as the custodian and representative of national Art, to whom the term will seem to convey a misdescription. Nevertheless, a private society the Academy is,—and that closest and most exclusive kind of private society which has a royal master. No great and comprehensive national aims can be with certainty carried out under the dispensation to which it belongs. That liveried service which Art, like some of her spiritual brotherhood, was content to enter a century since, is wholly unworthy of the position which an enlightened nation desires that it should hold for the future, and which, so far as depends on the artists themselves, they should determine that it shall hold now. Ninety years ago, the Royal Academy was born in a royal palace,—and conveyed to its first apartments, in Somerset House, down the back stairs. The academicians held, and hold, their title individually by diploma from the king,—and are dismissable, on any ground of delinquency, only by his consent. The treasurer and librarian are appointed by the king,—and the nominations of the secretary and keeper must have the royal approval. The president is elected annually; but, as the practice has been to continue the individual once elected in the office for life, and as all other officers and professors remain such only during the king's pleasure, he and they are in effect little better than officers of the crown. The accounts of the Academy are laid before the king:—and, in a word, the Academy, instead of being what the age demands, a national, continues to be what it was born, a Royal Academy. Nor let it be supposed that this incident of royal patronage has remained only a constitutional theory,—or that the right of royal interference, even in those cases where the elections appeared to be free, has existed as a mere dead letter. The whisperer has found his way into the royal closet at election time, and the veto has been exercised, and on political grounds. —It may amuse our readers if we record here, as an illustration, an instance in which this veto was worked, as related in a contemporary publication, to the effect of a practical self-stultification. The keeper of the Royal Academy has charge of the nascent Art of the country in the persons of the students, whose progress in its schools he has to superintend and direct; and for this office, so important to the future of the profession, the academicians at one time selected, from amongst themselves, as one most highly qualified, the elder Smirke. The appointment was forwarded to the king, George the Third, for confirmation, according to the constitutions. But some one had been up the back stairs before it came, and whispered in the royal ear a ground of disqualification. Mr. Smirke, it was alleged, had been seen at Thelwall's lectures,—and democracy was a necessary inference in the logic that in those days used the

back stairs. It was also logic in the closet that a democrat could not teach painting:—and George the Third, accordingly, put his veto on the nomination. It is difficult to suspect the academic diplomacy which drank from these court waters, of a royal mystification; but certain it is, that the rebuked academicians offered for the acceptance of the rebuking monarch, as a substitute for the mild democracy that was suspected, the close friend and ally of the democracy that was notorious and apostolic. Somehow, however, the whisperer this time missed the back stairs:—and the king, who had rejected Smirke, confirmed the election in his stead of Fuseli, the ally of Godwin and of Mary Wolstoncroft!—The illustration our readers will, we dare say, think was worth the digression; and it will be easily seen, as we have said, that this is not a wholesome constitution for an Academy of the Arts. A body whose independent action within is restrained by the prerogative cannot pretend to a large and independent action without; and a society which has no accountability anywhere, save in so far as it may choose to acknowledge the authority of public opinion, must not complain if it fails to win the public confidence. Nor do we think it accordant with the spirit of the times in which we live, or befitting the position which Art has now taken up as an influence amongst us, that the Crown should desire to take some particular Art-institution under its wing, and maintain it prerogatively as against the rest of the artists of England. While it does so, those outside the pale of the privilege are, by royal decree, fighting the battle of their lives at a disadvantage,—carrying heavy weight in the race for fame and the strife for bread. They have to contribute their bricks to the temple of English Art without the help of the straw which the Crown dispenses to the more favoured workers within the walls of the Academy. There can be no great action of the kind which we seek to recommend under this narrow and antiquated scheme:—and it will be well, therefore, that we should pass on to a consideration of the other changes which we desire to see carried out as embodying that enlarged action, that these may assist us in afterwards suggesting the fit method of cure for this defect of constitution.

It is, as we have said, nearly ninety years ago—on the 10th of December, 1768—that the Royal Academy of Arts was founded; and either the scale of the establishment was far too large for that early time, or it is far too narrow now. If forty academicians and twenty associates, with the few engravers added, were then no more than a sufficient representation of the body of English artists, they must, even on the false principle in use, form a wholly inadequate representation after the constituency has increased certainly more than fourfold. If, ninety years ago, sixty men could be found worthy of the prizes of the profession,—then, either the prizes are now far too few, or the Arts have declined in England in exactly the same ratio as the artists have increased. Here, the absurdity of the arbitrary and unelastic principle is at once apparent. But, the real error is, that there should be any limitation at all,—that rules should affect to define what must make its own definition, to adjust that which can only adjust itself. To say, that there shall always be sixty persons worthy to wear the laurel, is, to decree that which no Academy, Royal or National, can command:—to say, that there shall never be more, is to put fetters on the wing of Art, which, nevertheless, whenever it is strong and vigorous it will shake off:—to say, that there may be a hundred such persons, but only sixty laurel crowns, is, to wrong the other forty. We have never watched an election for a vacant associateship, in which half a dozen men, perhaps, of equal merit stood for the honour, and the one success made five bitter disappointments, without a feeling of pain. Even if the course of years should ultimately place the six side by side in the Academy, the inequality in the measure of justice severally administered to them has still to be calculated by the length of precedence which one has had over the other. Even as between *them alone*, the matter never comes wholly right:—while, behind them, new candidates, in whose way they must stand, are yearly coming up,—till, in the press of those who crowd the narrow avenue by which the Academy is reached, many a brave heart goes down, never to rise again. By the system of limitation, it cannot be but that many *must* be left behind as well

entitled to wear the academic honours as those who won them:—and the institution which so operates on the Arts of which it affects to have charge, is but a private benefit society,—not a national and fostering institution, and not entitled to be lodged in the palaces of the nation. Instead of a great reconciling and harmonising influence, which the Academy should be, artist-life has been soured and saddened by the heartburnings and heartaches which its privilege creates. The wrong and the evil fall everywhere:—as much on the Academy which loses the distinguished artist, as on the distinguished artist who misses the Academy. Every man of due qualification who is excluded from an association that undertakes to present in itself the body of recognised English Art, suffers an injustice, and has a mark of depreciation set on him by authority:—and the great corporate figure of the association itself loses something for every great artist that it omits from its list of associates. Surely a scheme that should sweep into the system of the Academy all that is illustrious in the Arts of England, must of necessity give to it a grander presence in the eyes of Europe. The means seem very simple. Why, if an Englishman of eminence knocks for admission at the door of the Academy, should there be the slightest difficulty in opening and letting him in? Why should the academic recognition of his merit be made contingent on death? Why should not the associateship be in the nature of a degree conferred at a university—a certificate of excellence—call it what you will,—but which every artist should be entitled to claim who had proved the excellence which is the qualification? The details of such a scheme need not be here discussed. When the principle shall have been affirmed, they can easily be settled so as to invade no existing right while recognising rights that have hitherto been ignored. It might, for instance, be thought well to give a diploma of associateship not implying membership,—leading, or not leading, to an associate-membership,—as that should lead, or not, up to the academicians' chair:—but nowhere any limitation save the limit of desert. In any case, it would be necessary to have two classes of associateship at first, in order to save the privilege of those who have already acquired it. Whether or not the present number of full academicians should be increased, is a matter of little importance; though probably some augmentation—say, to fifty, or sixty—might be desirable, on account of the greatly enlarged constituency from which the academicians would have to be chosen. At any rate, the academicians' chair would remain, as it is now, the great final prize of the profession,—and would surely gain in dignity from the larger and more enriched basis on which it would be made to stand. In order yet further to enhance that dignity, the academicians should in future be elected, not, as now, by themselves, but by the whole body of associates:—which, under the new constitution, would be, all that is illustrious in the profession. The academicians would elect amongst themselves, as now, their own president, council, &c.:—though it might, perhaps, be made a question, how far it would subserve the interests and dignity of Art, that an honour so great as that of the presidency should pass periodically from hand to hand among the distinguished members of the body,—as it does in the academies which compose the Institute of France. But, as we have said, all these details, and a hundred others, remain for consideration hereafter. All that we desire now, is, to suggest a machinery of some kind by which a long-standing evil may be redressed, and an illustrious private body of artists may elevate themselves into a great National Academy of Art.

The Academy having thus acquired the power of associating to itself all the Art ability which could minister to its illustration, the enlarged figure would naturally suggest larger views, and a new and vigorous constitution would stimulate to a more vigorous course of action. We should probably get quit of all such prescriptions as “a chaplain of high rank,” all nominal memberships and non-professing professorships, and such other showy appendages as could only have hung themselves round a system born into the spirit and wearing the livery of a court. Would it be believed, that a body assuming to be teachers of the Arts which they also illustrate, and having faith in the dignity of their own mission, should have “a Professor of Ancient History,” and “a Professor of Ancient Literature,” who are for-

mally elected only that, being "men of distinguished reputation," they may throw the light of that reputation on the Academy,—from whom no duties are demanded, and by whom none are paid? How all this savours of tinsel and second-hand state! One only wonders how the illustrious men whom the Academy thus contrives to make part of its pageantry consent to hold their offices as "dummies." It is probable, too, that the regenerated institution will get rid of the annual dinner,—if it were only for the purpose of shaking off the spirit of fawning and subserviency embodied in the law which regulates the invitations. "The guests," says this enactment, "shall consist exclusively of persons in elevated situations, of high rank, distinguished talents, or known patrons of Art." Of what a concentration of sordidness and sycophancy is this law the expression:—and how is the figure of a great Art-association lowered in its use!—It is scarcely necessary that we should pause here to remind our readers that for these offences in the language and spirit of the constitutions, the present body of academicians are in no degree responsible. They belong to the original conception of the Academy, and to the influences which surrounded such institutions as this in England a century ago. We know, that some of the academicians now—and we have no doubt all—would gladly get quit of these and other obnoxious clauses which present them in so unsuitable an aspect before the great body of the public and the profession in general.—But, for another abuse of the privilege which their rank confers—an abuse to which we have more than once had occasion to call attention in this Journal—the academicians must be held answerable now,—as they will be expected to make some provision for its abatement hereafter. We allude to those occasional instances of membership in which the attainment of the full honours of the Academy has been held by the recipient as dispensing from its duties,—wherein the academician maintains his claim to be considered a pillar of the institution by contributing nothing to its illustration or support. We need not refer more specifically here to those individuals who have repaid their admission into the high places of the Academy by a withdrawal of their works from its walls, and justified their title to its dignities by ceasing to deserve them. The cases are familiar to our readers,—and we insist, that theirs is a reading of the diploma which calls loudly for the parliamentary commentator. To understand the document which is an affirmation of the value to the Academy of their work, as an authority for ceasing to work for the Academy—to wear the badge of recognised ability as a dispensation from its exercise—is a discredit to the defaulting artist himself, and an insult to the body in whose exhibitions he is a defaulter. It is something like stamping a coin as gold currency, for the purpose of withdrawing it from circulation. It might be well to provide, in any reconstruction of this institution—which, by its theory, is meant to be a working institution, not a privileged asylum for indolence—that absence from its exhibition walls for more than a given time, for any other cause than sickness, infirmity, or some other reasonable ground of dispensation, to be pleaded and allowed, shall operate as an abdication of the honours to win which those walls had, before, been perseveringly used.—We would recommend, too, that in the compilation of its new laws, the Academy should exclude all express enactments which are not intended to be faithfully carried out in practice. The first section of their present constitutions defines the qualifications essential to membership;—and one of these is, that the member shall be "resident in Great Britain." The definition is precise; and the policy on which it proceeds is analogous to that on which we have been insisting, that the academician is bound by his very privilege to be an exhibitor on the walls of the Academy. It is intended that he who wears the academician's crown shall share his cares:—that he shall be in the way, to take his due part in the execution of those offices, and the division of those responsibilities that belong to the governing body into which he has been elected. As in the case of James the Second—to gratify the royal academician with a royal simile,—the academic chair should be proclaimed vacant in consequence of any prolonged absence from the seat of his government. Now, this law, so positive in its terms, the academicians have taken on themselves to deal with after a fashion which in

itself was a caprice, and in its effect was a wrong. It is well known to our readers, that one of the most distinguished sculptors of modern times—whom death has, alas! removed beyond the possibility of that measure of redress which we trust is at hand—was, in conformity with the enactment, excluded from the honours of the Academy while he lived, on the express ground of his residence in Italy,—while, in violation of it, another distinguished member of the same branch of the profession wears those honours in full, though he has been a resident in the very same Italian city, we believe for twenty years.

The schools of the Royal Academy have always been ably conducted,—as they have been liberally founded, and liberally furnished with all necessary means. We suggest, indeed, that their system is too liberal,—and that under the new constitutions the eleemosynary principle on which they are conducted might well be dispensed with. The system of gratuitous instruction tends only to invite to the schools many who have little other call thither,—to sow the field of Art with weeds, many of which spring up rankly and perish miserably by the way. It is as much a proper function of an academy to discourage incompetency as it is to encourage genius. An education of any kind that may be had for nothing is a temptation in itself:—whereas, an education to be paid for is usually bought to satisfy an impulse or to cultivate a talent. We do not see why the privilege of attending the schools of the Art Academy should not be purchased by fees, on a moderate scale (with perhaps a power reserved to meet exceptional cases), as it is at the universities, at the medical and anatomical schools, and at all our other educational establishments.

But a National Academy has a far higher mission than any that we have here assigned to it yet, and the business of its professors is not ended when they have taught and lectured in the student schools. Here it is, that the Royal Academy has most signally failed to apprehend its office. It has a commission—when it shall learn to read it aright by the new lights which we hope to see supplied—to educate without as well as within its walls. It has to form as well as to feed the taste of the nation. It has to comment on all the great texts which the walls of our National and other public galleries supply,—and the Art-wealth which the nation has acquired by purchase or by gift, it has to prepare the nation to enjoy. For this purpose, its professors,—working professors all, and all paid for their labour—should lecture, not to the pupils alone, but to the public, and not in the sense only of special training, but in that also of general instruction; and the public, as well as the pupils, should pay an annual subscription or a small fee for admission to such lectures—as they do at the Royal Institution, and at other establishments of the kind in the metropolis. The exhibition admission fee, as a very large source of revenue, legitimately levied by the genius and industry of the artists themselves, and from those only who voluntarily enjoy them, and expended in a humane and generous spirit, would be of course retained; but the Government should require, that certain sufficient days in the course of the season should be set apart for the free circulation of that large body of the public to whom the charge of one shilling is a sentence of exclusion. In a word, the office of a great national incorporation like this is, by all available means, to promote the flow of the fertilising Art-waters throughout the whole framework of the society in the midst of which it is organised:—and the figure of the Academy itself, as the Genius of the waters, should be found sitting and teaching at once by the fountains and by the full stream.

Surely, such objects as these, if they constitute the duty, are also worthy the ambition of a body seeking to stand before Europe as the exponent of British Art, and asking to be munificently endowed. They suggest, as we anticipated in an early part of this article, the means of their own accomplishment. The Academy must rise, if it would achieve them, from a royal into a national institution. It must have a charter conferring on it powers commensurate with the great action sought,—embodying the conditions and recognising the demands of its new existence,—bringing it into relations with the State, instead of with the Crown,—and giving it a responsibility to the public, instead of only to itself. Again we omit details:—they will be matter for far more serious consideration than the limits of an article will permit.

But the time has come when the Academy must determine whether it will enlarge its scheme and lead the Arts of England, or remain a private society and leave that great office to some other body. The widely expanding influence of Art amongst us has made such an office a want of the times,—and somewhere the mission must fall. Nowhere would the public so willingly see it fall as on a body illustrated by a long tradition of greatness. But the academicians will do well to remember, that the Society of British Artists—the plea for whose establishment arose out of their failure of comprehensive action, and whose own successful action their large figure hitherto impedes—is seeking to follow on their track, and probably needs only their final abdication of their proper function to spring into a vigorous life. Without any public endowment, this society has already attempted to establish schools; and its want of success so far, is likely to make it only the more eager to seize on any opportunity which may present itself for taking steps to redeem its failure:—while it has a charter of its own, which it should not have required had the action of the Royal Academy been equal to the demands of the age. Nor have we forgotten that, some time since, this same Society of British Artists memorialised the Government to locate it in the galleries now occupied by the National Collection, in the event of that collection being removed elsewhere. No minister, we trust, will venture to appropriate so magnificent a property, save for the service of the public, to whom it belongs, largely secured in return. But an institution such as we have attempted to sketch, the public will willingly, we believe, see located in its palace in Trafalgar Square.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

LILLE.—*The Competition for the New Cathedral.*—We learn from a statement in a recent number of the *Builder*, that artistic competitors abroad sometimes meet with as little justice as they generally do in our own country. Our readers were lately informed that Messrs. Clutton and Burges, of London, were the successful candidates for erecting the proposed new cathedral at Lille—their designs having been selected from a large number submitted to the committee from all parts of the Continent; but it has just been determined that these gentlemen shall not carry their own plans into execution—the "exigencies of public opinion" requiring that the work should be done by a native, in whose hands the designs of the British artists have been placed, after procuring from them too "explanations and suggestions as to various proposed modifications." Unquestionably the committee had no right to call upon foreigners to compete, if they had foreseen, as they doubtless must, that public opinion would have interfered with their adjudication: their conduct is an example of bad faith which cannot be too strongly condemned. Yet, with a recollection of what is done at home, we ought to be gentle in our reproofs: in England we offer public works to the foreigner, without condescending to invite our countrymen to compete; abroad the foreigner is invited, succeeds in the competition, and the native enjoys the fruits of his labour: we scarcely know which most deserves animadversion.

PARIS.—A new regulation has just been adopted for the Louvre, which is now open to the public every day except Monday.—Intelligence has been received from Rome of the death of M. Bonnardel, the promising young sculptor who gained the first prize in the London Exhibition of 1851, and executed the first prize medal.—Ary Scheffer has sent to his native town, Rotterdam, his painting of "Christ in Gethsemane" for exhibition.

TURIN.—A marble statue of the distinguished statesman and author, Cesar Balbo, has just been inaugurated with great ceremony in this city. The statue is the work of Vela, a sculptor of high reputation in Italy: when it was uncovered, the assembled multitude recorded their approbation by a loud burst of enthusiastic cheering.

MUNICH.—The plan for the erection of an edifice for the convenience of artists and Art-societies is likely to be carried out. Above the saloons, which will serve for Art-Union Exhibitions, it is contemplated to erect two stories, one for an Art-Casino, the other for the meeting of learned societies: as many of these already exist here, so others would be formed, all of which would find in such an institution a centre of union. The building is to be erected by a company, and shares have been already taken.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

CONSTANTINOPLE: THE GOLDEN HORN.

J. Jacobs, Painter. T. A. Prior, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 2½ in. by 2 ft. 3¼ in.

CONSTANTINOPLE has within the last two years become almost a household word; not only by every hearth throughout the British empire, but wherever the languages of England and France are spoken. Millions have had their thoughts turned with the deepest anxiety or the utmost interest towards a spot of which few comparatively knew much more than the name; and now its mosques and its minarets, its kiosks, its streets, its harbours, and its suburbs, seem almost as familiar to us as the localities in which we dwell. Dioramas and panoramas, pictures and prints, in short, everything which Art can do, have contributed to show what the metropolis of the Moslemite is. Turkey now forms a large and important page in our history; one too which both we and our children may read with mingled feelings of pride, sorrow, and shame; for over the glory of final victory broods a shadow that obscures our national self-sufficiency, though it cannot dim one spark of the brightness which rests upon the valour, fortitude, and endurance of our countrymen.

Under any circumstances, the beautiful picture which is here engraved would find numerous admirers, but as the representation of a place on which our attention has been so long and anxiously fixed, it possesses a double interest. The painter, James Jacobs, is a native of Antwerp; he was born in 1812. A pupil of the Academy of that city, he made his first appearance as an exhibitor by contributing to the *salon* of Brussels, in 1833, three pictures—"Fishermen Disembarking," "Interior of the Citadel of Antwerp after the Bombardment," during the last revolution, and a "House destroyed by a Bomb-shell;" these pictures attracted notice by the vigour of the artist's touch, and the variety and harmony of his colouring. In the Antwerp Exhibition of 1834, and especially in that of Brussels in 1836, these qualities yet more distinguished his works. In the last-named gallery he had three pictures—a "Seashore in Holland," a "Lighthouse," and a "Calm at Sea;" the first of these was purchased by the government, and the last by the Prince de Ligae. From that time to the present, Jacobs has devoted himself almost exclusively to marine-painting, or to subjects in which the sea or a navigable river forms a principal feature in the composition.

The works of this artist generally show an exuberance of rich and powerful colouring; like our own Danby, he loves to paint the gorgeous tints of sunrise and sunset; his effects are highly poetical, though perhaps sometimes a little overdone. "The truth of his pictures," writes a foreign critic, "is more poetical than real: without this defect, which is no longer one when it is not greatly exaggerated, this painter would be placed in the first rank of the modern Belgian school." This remark, we must however add, was made when Jacobs was comparatively young—study and experience have now "toned down" his flights of poetical fancy; he retains his brilliancy and rich imagination, but restrains them within the limits of probability.

About twelve years since he visited the Mediterranean, the Greek Archipelago, and other places in the East; from one of the sketches then made he painted the picture in the Royal Collection—it represents the port of Constantinople, called the "Golden Horn," a safe, capacious, and beautiful harbour which divides the city from Pera: the painter has treated the subject as if every object in it were literally of gold, the whole is lighted up with the deep yellow and crimson tints of an Eastern sunset. In the foreground is a group of picturesque buildings of highly-decorated Saracenic architecture, constituting a wharf where vessels are unloading; this is judiciously balanced on the other side of the composition by several vessels at anchor, whose shadowed sides are opposed to the strong light behind them, while the reflected light of the sun on the water is broken by the figure and the boat, or barge, in the foreground.

This picture—a rich and gorgeous piece of painting—was, we believe, purchased of the artist by Prince Albert: it is now in the collection at Osborne.

GRANITE.

THERE are but few subjects of more interest than the study of those formations, which, from their being seated deeper beneath the earth's surface than other rocks, have been called Primary. It may appear, seeing that many of our mountain ranges, which rise high above the earth's surface, are composed of granite, that there is no sufficient reason for regarding those rocks as more deeply seated than slate and limestone. Examination will, however, prove that all the other rocks, except those which have, like the trap rocks, been forced through the more recent formations, rest upon the granite as a base. In some examples the granite has forced its way through the more recent rocks, which then lie contorted around it; or, as in others, the stratified slates repose upon it in the state in which they were at the time of their consolidation.

"Granite," says Macculloch, in his *System of Geology*, "is one of the most universal rocks, forming some of the highest and most remarkable chains of mountains. It is not, however, limited to such high ranges as the Himalaya or the Alps, or even to the much lower ridges of Britain, since it also occupies many extensive tracts of comparatively level land. This rock has been commonly supposed to be characterised by the pinnacled and serrated form of its mountains, such as the well-known summits of the Alps, and of the Isle of Arran; but this is not the case, for it assumes every variety of outline. The mountains about Loch Etive, in Scotland, have a simple conical form, which is particularly marked in Cruachan; the extensive ridge which surrounds the sources of the Dee, forming the loftiest tract of land in Britain, presents a series of heavy rounded elevations; in Cornwall, in Galloway, and in Sutherland, it offers the same uninteresting aspect; while in many parts of Aberdeenshire it occupies the lowest grounds, presenting large tracts of level surface."

When a granitic country is characterised by elevated and precipitous hills and mountains, its surface is covered with numerous detached rocks, diversified here and there with projecting tors or cairns of various fantastic forms, according to the nature of the rock, and of the eroding influences to which they have been subjected. Whenever a granitic country is composed of undulating hills, with occasional level spots, though the latter are commonly marshy, the former not unfrequently possesses a good soil.

There are many peculiarities in the external features of a granitic country. Standing upon a hill, and viewing any wide-spread district of the primary rock, the surface commonly exhibits a system of valleys which run parallel with some central ridge of granite; these longitudinal valleys are intersected by others, which cross them at right angles; and as the intermediate hills are more or less rounded, the surface of the country has an undulating appearance in both directions, which has often been compared to the roll of waves—and these varying, the curves being sometimes regular and gentle, at other times contorted and abrupt, have aptly enough been regarded as resembling the sea when agitated by the wind with different degrees of violence. The valleys thus formed become the channels of rivers, and many a romantic and beautiful scene is thus created, which show in a striking manner the dependence of the picturesque in nature upon great geological phenomena.

We have not now, however, to deal with the picturesque beauties which render the districts of primary rocks especial favourites with the landscape-painter. We have to consider merely some of the conditions of a rock which ex-

hibits many varieties, and which is of the utmost importance to the engineer and the architect. Granite, from its extreme durability, is employed in the construction of all great works which are exposed, in a peculiar degree, to the action of one or more of the elements. Our magnificent docks, in which float the largest mercantile navy in the world, are generally constructed with this stone. English and Scotch granites are considered so valuable for this purpose, that the Danish Government are now receiving large quantities of English granite for the construction of docks at Copenhagen; and some very large orders are now being executed in this stone for lighthouses and docks in the Indian seas. The great works going on at Portland will owe their strength to the use of granite, in all those parts which are exposed to the beat of the waves. The Plymouth Breakwater is constructed with blocks of limestone, which have been raised from the neighbouring quarries of Oreston. It was found, however, that this stone, between the high and low-water marks, was subjected to a curiously destructive influence—marine insects perforated it in a remarkable manner. These creatures—*Pholas dactylus*—by burrowing in the stone, were rapidly destroying it. Those perforated blocks have, however, been removed, and granite substituted, which is a stone far too hard for these borers to penetrate.

The bridges which span the Thames have been built chiefly of granite. London Bridge is a remarkable example of granitic architecture—alike for the character of the stone, and for the size of the blocks of which it is constructed. The new works at Westminster Bridge—which are, however, unfortunately suspended, owing mainly to the discussions which have arisen as to the durability and economy of the principles which have been adopted—consist of combinations of granite and iron.

Aberdeen granite, from the quarries of Dand- cingcain, Rubislaw, and Tyrebagger, are extensively used in the Metropolis for kerb and paving stones; and from these quarries the base of the Duke of York's Monument was obtained. The granite of Aberdeen is a grey granite, while that of Peterhead is mainly red, and approaches more nearly to the red granite of Egypt than any other in Great Britain. The Peterhead granite was largely used in the construction of the docks at Sheerness. The pillar of the Duke of York's Monument was from the Stirling Hill quarries, and the abacus from the Seafeld quarries. The beautiful pillars in the library of the British Museum were from the neighbourhood of Peterhead. These were worked at a time when our mechanical appliances were far less perfect than they are at present; they had to be dragged from the quarries over several miles of peaty ground, and in this portion of the labour alone upwards of seventy pounds' worth of timber was expended before the four columns reached the place of shipment. The granite pillars in Fishmongers' Hall were obtained from the Stirling Hill quarries; and the bases of both the Pitt and Fox monuments came from Peterhead. The polished granite which appears on the front of the club-house in Pall Mall has been derived also from this district, as was also the polished stone employed in the new building in the Poultry, near the Mansion House. The quantity of granite shipped from Peterhead in 1855 was 368 tons; the prices obtained varying according to the quality of the stone, from 2s. to 5s. per cubic foot.

Cornish granite, and that obtained from Dartmoor, has long been celebrated. The most extensive workings at the present time are at Lemorna, a few miles from Penzance, which quarries produce a very fine granite, in blocks of almost unlimited size. The district of Constantine, near Helstone, and Carnsue, near Penryn,



J. JACOBS PINKE

T. A. PRIOR, SCULPT

CONSTANTINOPLE, THE GOLDEN HORN.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.

have furnished stone for many of the most important metropolitan works,—amongst others, the granite employed as the base and supports of the bronze railings at the British Museum may be named as having been derived from these quarries. The stone for the Scutari Monument is obtained from this region. The Hensborough granite is also largely employed. This and several other varieties worked in quarries in the neighbourhood of St. Austle is shipped from the port of Par. The granite obtained in this neighbourhood presents many peculiar characteristics; some of it is of a porphyritic kind, and its red and black surface renders it available for many ornamental purposes. The sarcophagus for the tomb of the Duke of Wellington is being constructed from one of the porphyries of this curious region, while the supports are worked from the finest specimens of granite obtained from the quarries of the Cheesewring district, near Liskeard. This granite has been selected for the docks at Copenhagen, for many of the more important works in our naval arsenals, and the new docks in London. The tomb of Sir William Molesworth, in the cemetery of Kensal Green, is wrought from this stone; and many persons must remember the beautiful Corinthian column which stood without the western door of the Great Exhibition, which was a fine example of the character and architectural qualities of the Cheesewring granite.

The Cornish granite exported in 1855, was 473,716 feet, which is equal to about 35,000 tons, and its value is estimated at £75,700.* The granite of the Dartmoor range varies much in character and quality, and is used in some of our largest works: at Laira, Plymouth, and Totness, 5000 tons were shipped last year.

Granite, from its durability, is commonly employed for external work, but it is capable of being worked into objects of ornament, and for decorative purposes might be used with much advantage, and would give variety to many architectural works. In the lower hall of the Museum of Practical Geology, are many examples in illustration of this. In the table-cases will be found cubes of granite from nearly all the districts producing granite in this country. These cubes show the stone in its rough state, dressed, and polished. A pavement of the Aberdeen and Peterhead granite, some pilasters, an enormous vase and pedestal, exhibit the working qualifications of these stones. Pedestals of the more ornamental varieties of the Cornish granite will also claim attention, showing, as they do, the variety of colour and of crystallization which can be obtained; the degree of polish of which these stones are susceptible, and their working capabilities. Granite, in the common and original acceptation of the term, denotes a rock composed of felspar, quartz, and mica. It frequently contains, in addition to these, some other minerals, but they are not essential to true granite.

The component minerals of this stone are united together by a confused crystallization, not only mutually penetrating and interfering with each other, but sometimes the small crystals of one are completely enveloped in the large crystals of a different kind of mineral. It is a very common occurrence for one, or even more, of these minerals to be developed in large crystals, in a granular basis of the whole, so as to constitute a porphyritic granite.

Granite has usually been considered as a rock which has been produced, by a process of slow cooling, from a condition of igneous fusion. There are, however, some objections to this

view; and there are certainly some conditions observable which are scarcely reconcilable with the theory which refers this rock to an igneous origin; but this is not a question for consideration at the present time. There are, however, some conditions which deserve more attention than they have received, which appear to bear strongly upon the question of the durability of the stone.

Granite will be found to possess a certain kind of stratification; the quarrymen commonly speak of beds, and they state that considerable differences are observable in the solidity of the different beds. This stone is also jointed, and these joints have almost always, in the same district, the same general line of direction; these lines of natural dislocation in Cornwall and Devonshire frequently agree, very nearly, with magnetic north and south.

There are also lines of cleavage. The cleavage of granite into regular forms, depends on the structure of the rock—this is proved by its only taking place in one direction, which corresponds with its crystalline arrangements. The workmen are well acquainted with this fact, and therefore never attempt to break a rock in a line diagonal thereto. Mr. Enys has collected much useful information on this point. The granite of Penryn is principally composed of two kinds; one is a hard and compact rock, which is extensively worked and shipped for the London market. It runs in parallel ranges, bearing N.E. and S.W., through the other kind, which is of a softer and a coarser texture. The hard granite is cloven into quadrangular blocks; and it has been ascertained by long experience that the cleavage cannot be effected in any direction, but only in three, with any regularity, and that each of these require a different degree of force; thus, if the horizontal cleavage demand a power denoted by two, the perpendicular cleavages, crossing each other, will be in the proportion of three and five; the latter commonly intersects the larger felspar crystals, whilst the former is parallel therewith, and may be termed the longitudinal cleavage. Near Penryn the last mentioned cleavage runs N.N.W. and S.S.E., varying 15° or 20° either way; it generally coincides with one of the vertical natural joints, though in many instances it does not correspond therewith, but crosses them often at an angle of 30° or 40°.

At the Cheesewring the weakest line is found to be that which corresponds with the line of bedding; the next line of cleavage, corresponding with the general range of the felspar crystals, varies from nearly N. and S. to about 35° west of magnetic north.

These facts cannot fail to lead ultimately to some important information, and must determine the lines in which the granite can be most advantageously placed, so as to ensure the greatest amount of durability.

It is not usually thought that granite is much effected by change of temperature; during frost, however, it is worked with difficulty, and the rapidity with which, upon a thaw, it again softens, and becomes free before the tool is not a little singular.

Granite, in certain situations, appears liable to decomposition; its felspar crystals giving way, and producing the valuable Kaolin, or China clay, so largely used in our porcelain manufacture. Cornwall, in 1855, produced of this China clay 60,188 tons, worth £51,159; while Devonshire exported 1100 tons. The granite in a semi-state of disintegration, is sold as China stone for glazing porcelain; of this there was exported from Cornwall 19,961 tons, valued at £17,964. Such is an outline sketch of the more interesting facts connected with this most important building stone.

R. HUNT.

SUGGESTIONS OF SUBJECT TO THE STUDENT IN ART.*

BY AN OLD TRAVELLER.

CHAPTER VIII.

Predilections of the Early Painters—Subjects from Scripture—From the Legends of the Saints—Practice of our own time capable of Amelioration—Rome and her Visitors—The Museo Chiaramonti—The Nuovo Braccio—Statue of Demosthenes—The Sculptor and his Subject—The Stranger on the Hearth—Adrastus the Suppliant—The Lustral Rites are granted—Adrastus at the Chase—Death of Atys—Immolation of the Homicide—Men of Corinth at Petra—The Mother in the Portico—Hesitation of the Envoys—Labda listening—Escape of Cypselus—Fulfillment of the Oracle—Tasso—Idraote and Armida—The Eucantress in the Camp—Instructions—Godfrey before Jerusalem—Clorinda—The Leader wounded—Ariosto—Orlando and the Dead Palfrey—The Paladin and the Peasant—Frithiof—Farewell of the Fathers—Words of Wisdom—Frithiof and Ingebor—Childhood—Youth—The Ocean-bark—The Torrent—Demand of the Bride—Lovers at the Shrine of Balder.

THE earlier schools of painting are reproached with too exclusive an attachment to one class of subjects—those derived from Holy Writ and from the Legends of the Saints, that is to say: nor is the charge without foundation. But, to say nothing, at the present time, of all the many reasons that might be assigned to explain, if not entirely to justify, their choice, might we not more profitably turn our attention to the question, whether we do not ourselves too rarely lift our thoughts to the grand inspiring themes presented by those inexhaustible treasures, more especially by the first-named? For how largely extended are the vistas opening to the sons of Art with every page they turn in the long period of the Hebrew history; and how numerous are the yet more touching episodes offering themselves to their holiest aspirations in the later annals of the New Testament!

Not to every man is it given to tread this high and hallowed ground, you will say, and you are right—the most exalted among you may well feel awe-struck, and pause long before he approach the solemn subjects in question; but for him, the true artist—and to none of inferior character could they be fittingly named—the hour does come when all things are permitted to his research. There are moments when the grandest reveal the most awful of their mysteries to his perception—when the holiest are not too sacred for his reverential gaze. For him it is that the pencil of immortals has been imbued with those hues of heaven, vouchsafed to such as he is, in their purest dreams. Let him accept in all humility the high privilege thus conferred upon him; let him seize the moment, ere the glory of the vision shall become too resplendent for his mortal eyes, and so be lost for the multitudes less favoured, who might else rejoice therein through all coming ages.

We do not now name any special instance of the treasures reserved for the most favoured son of Art in these, the first and richest of his sources; although more than one great task—destined for the noblest only—rise with impressive majesty before us. These are subjects that should be self-inspired—taken as they present themselves, at the rightful moment: they will then emanate, as should be, from the mind awakened to their momentous importance—from the heart enlarged for their reception: firmly shall the priest-like artist then fix his gaze, with power to meet, undazzled, the light ever beaming from those lofty regions wherein his chastened imagination shall then have unfolded all the force of her pinions. Thus alone can they be worthily treated; but let him to whom the moment shall be vouchsafed, see that he suffer it not to pass infructuous—let him “work while it is called to-day, for the night cometh wherein no man can work.”

Much has been said, and much written, of the various emotions experienced by such as stand for the first time before the gates of Rome—much and truly; since there are few events, among those of secondary importance in the life of man, better calculated to make a profound impression, than is the first arrival of the traveller in Rome. Yet, with a more effective eloquence, might that speaker expatiate, who should describe the feelings agitating the heart of him who returns for the second, third—nay, tenth or twentieth time, to that true centre of

* For a detailed statement of the total value of our mineral produce, and much information respecting the building stones of the United Kingdom, see “Mineral Statistics of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland for 1855.” By Robert Hunt, F.R.S. Published by order of the Lords Commissioners of Her Majesty’s Treasury. Longman & Co.

* Continued from p. 235.

affection for all whose love is given to Art in its highest manifestations.

But, like other feelings deeply seated, these are less frequently insisted on, nor will any attempt to describe them be made here: confining ourselves within narrower limits, we will but ask the frequent sojourner in the beloved city, if—even at this broad distance, though seas are rolling and half a world is interposing its diminishing influence between him and the seven hills—his heart do not even now leap in his bosom, as he recalls the passionate eagerness wherewith he hastens to revisit the more immediate objects of his predilection—once those gates are past?

Is not that moment, when these—whatever, among Rome's myriad treasures, may be the chosen—once more stand, revealing their beauties to his gladdened gaze—one long to be remembered, and ever recurred to with new delight? Happy they whose lives can reckon many such! still happier those to whom fair Hope gives promise of yet many to come in the future!—you, who read these words, are for the most part in the last-named category. So much the better; and in your case may the bright-eyed syren prove even fairer than her promise, although to do so be not always her wont.

In that part of the galleries of the Vatican known as the Museo Chiaramonti, in the hall usually called the Nuovo Braccio, and standing on the right of him whose blessed hap it is to pass his hours in that glorious treasure-house; on his right, I say, as he descends the gallery from its entrance in the great corridor of Bramante,* is the one object ever devoutly sought and reverently approached with the first salutations of return, by the present writer—even before the Apollo—nay, even before the Laocoon, which last obtains the second visit. This is a statue of Demosthenes, somewhat larger than life, and obviously produced in the best period of Art's development. With the exception of the hands, and the scroll held by the orator in his right hand, no part of the work has suffered restoration—all beside is of the purest Greek workmanship. The attitude of the figure is noble and dignified; the face is full of thought; the expression is calm and grave; the draperies are simple and graceful; and over the whole is breathed a spirit of repose, investing the presence of this majestic form with a power forbidding the approach of every trivial thought: nay, suffering none save the best and purest feelings to have birth within the space made sacred by that bequest of beauty, wherewith the grand and solemn past hath enriched all future time.

And how gladly would the beholder resign himself to those salutary influences, undisturbed by recollection of the frailties that marred the life of the original! how fain would one believe the statesman and orator as noble in his life as the sculptor has rendered him in his looks! but this may not be. To Art alone do we give all our worship here; for the subject, we have only the wish that we could forget the cowardice marring the soldier; the yet baser corruption that disgraced the statesman. We cannot fail to glorify the fine conception, so happily executed, of the certainly exalted Sculptor—whose name we have not been able to make certain, among the conflicting testimony assigning it to the few that could be supposed capable of its production—but for Demosthenes himself, apart from his power as an orator, to which we can offer nothing better than admiration, the memory supplies few recollections of his career that are not shaded by regrets.†

The statue was discovered in excavations made near the Villa Aldobrandini, at Frascati, and was immediately secured for the sovereign pontiff, then Gregory XVI., who placed it where it now stands. It will one day be removed, without doubt, into some fane, set apart for special objects, as are those well-remembered "Gabinetti," assigned to the Antinous, the Laocoon, the Apollo, and some few others, all dearly familiar to the artist, whose best-loved haunt is the matchless sculpture galleries of the Vatican.

It was while ourselves privileged to listen to the discussion of some few among the lovers of Art who

have most worthily paced those halls of beauty and greatness, that we were made acquainted with designs, never carried beyond the first thought, although well meriting a more extended existence. And who shall say that they may not yet secure such from some young aspirant of the coming times? Let us, at least, lay the subjects before him; and if the student in sculpture or painting shall find any one among them awaken a congenial chord in his bosom, he may, perchance, be tempted to look further into their sources.*

You have first a youth, or one who has but just attained to manhood, for the authorities do not tell us his exact age; he is seated amidst the ashes of the hearth in a Lydian dwelling.† Covered almost entirely by the robe, wherewith, complying with the custom imposed on all in his condition, he has carefully involved his person, you do but see the profile of his face, yet this, no less than his attitude, gives evidence of profound grief and humiliation. The expression is not that of guilt, still less is there any touch of baseness in the aspect, which is indeed both noble and beautiful. The eyes of the mourner are bent on the ground; and beside him, fixed firmly into the earth, is the weapon wherewith it has been his unhappy chance to commit the homicide which compels him thus to seek protection and aid from one powerful enough to shield, and of condition conferring the ability to absolve him from the consequences of his involuntary crime. To that end then is the stranger now seated on the hearth of Cræsus; and it is the King of Lydia, a man of ripe age and imposing figure, whom you see looking gravely on the suppliant, imploring refuge and the rites of expiation at his hands.

And the looks of Cræsus show us that these will not be refused. In reply to the king's inquiry, the afflicted youth has said—

"I am the son of Gordius, and grandson of Minos. My name is Adrastus; unwittingly have I slain my brother. Driven to exile by my father, and reft of all, I come here thy suppliant, O king!"

And the king replies—

"You are the child of my friends, and you are come to your friends; abide in my house, where you shall know no want, and bear this calamity as meekly as you may."

The lustral waters are prepared accordingly, with all beside demanded by the ceremonies of expiation;‡ the Furies receive their propitiatory offerings; and these rites accomplished, invocations are duly made to Jove the Expiator, when Adrastus takes up his residence in the palace of the king.

In our second subject we again have the manly and graceful figure of Adrastus, but he is now engaged with Atys, the beloved son of the Lydian king, in chase of a monstrous boar.—Ah! Vellati, how wouldst thou depict him for us, and how would thy Rome, the beloved, rejoice in the work!—a boar that has ravaged the country, and for the destruction whereof Cræsus has reluctantly, and in dread of menacing omens, permitted his son to go forth; but not until he has solemnly confided him to the guardianship of Adrastus, who accepts the charge with upright mind, well resolved to fulfil it at risk of his life.

But who shall alter the decrees of the gods?—the powerful boar-spear, held in watchful readiness for the defence of his companion, has been poised in his vigorous hand, still raised for the act, the weapon has gone, making its own wild music through the air, and now stands quivering in the side, alas! not of the boar, but of that other beautiful youth, the treasured son of his benefactor, the doomed Atys, whom you see falling to earth, and who must die beneath the stroke. Woe! woe! for the unhappy Adrastus; see the sorrow to death that is already gnawing at his heart! He has fulfilled the oracle which had foretold this fate for his son Atys to Cræsus, who had vainly

striven to avert the misfortune by withholding the youth from arms and the chase, until, yielding to his entreaty, he had permitted him to come forth on this fatal morn—and for this! Woe! deep, irremediable woe for Adrastus! Nor will he further seek to struggle with the destiny that oppresses him—pass some few short, fleeting hours, and he too will join the shades below. Self-immolated, he shall fall on the tomb of Atys, and the god, before implacable, shall at length be appeased.

From the same peculiar series of histories, but of widely different character, here follows another of the subjects in question.

Standing beneath the vestibule of a house at Petra, not far removed from the radiant and luxurious, yet withal refined and learned city of Corinth, whose domes may be discerned in the distance, is a company of ten men, to whom and from the house there has advanced a woman: she is not remarkable for beauty, nor in her first youth, but is invested with the interest ever accorded to the character of a mother, and such is the relation she bears to the fair infant whom you see her placing in the arms of the man standing foremost of that company. You cannot doubt this, as you mark the looks of tender love and pride that light up her face as she resigns her treasure to his hands. The woman is Labda, a daughter of the Bacchiadæ, "but being halt from birth, no man of her own people would take her to wife;" wherefore her father, Amphion, has bestowed her on the son of Echaras, even Ætion, and to him she has borne the son but now confided to the arms of the stranger.

But of this infant the oracle has said:—

"He shall be a lion on your path, O Corinthians! Strong, a devourer of flesh, his power shall relax the joints of many. On these things brood well, ye who dwell around fair Pirene and in frowning Corinth—an eagle in the rocks shall bring him from afar to be your bane."

These men are the envoys of Corinth, sent hither to destroy the son of Ætion, and resolving that he who first receives the child shall dash him on the rocks beside the dwelling. But the boy smiles brightly in the face of his intended murderer, and the latter, rendered incapable of his dark design by that sweet aspect, has placed his charge in the hands of the next: disarmed by the innocence of the babe, this man also refrains from doing him injury, and he passes ultimately through the whole of the ambassadors, the tenth delivering him unhurt to the arms of his mother. What follows may supply you with a second picture.

The baffled Corinthians retire to a short distance, but they pause before a second door of the dwelling, and concealed within the shelter of this, Labda—who had first brought her infant forth, supposing the strangers to seek it for the love they bore to its father, but had now become suspicious of their intent—hears them reviling each other for the weakness that all had displayed in sparing the child. Then, fearing they might yet return, she resolves to hide her boy in a bee-hive standing near, or as some authorities have it, in a chest.

The event was as her fears had suggested, the Corinthians came back, but the place of concealment chosen by the mother eluded their search—"The gods had decreed that calamity should arise to Corinth by means of Ætion's progeny;" and the men departed to the city whence they had come, determined on reporting to those who had sent them that their errand had been accomplished.

Thus the child lived to fulfil the oracle; he was called Cypselus, from the chest, or beehive, wherein he had lain concealed; and ultimately, as most of you will remember, became the tyrant of that name, by whom Corinth was so cruelly misgoverned during thirty years.

Admirable are the pictures, constantly rising to the eyes of the reader, as he lingers over the noble and graceful stanzas of the "Jerusalem Liberata." You can open no page wherein they do not abound; how then does it happen that from a book so much read in our country there is yet so little painted? "The Erminia!" you will say—and I remember that Erminia has been made familiar in our galleries; but Rinaldo, but Tancredi, but the pious Godfrey himself—to say nothing of the pagan leaders, all legitimate subjects for painting—have appeared but very rarely on the canvas. Of Olinda and

* The student will find the three next to follow in Herodotus, Hist. book i. 34—45; book v. 92. If he prefer a translation, a faithful and good one may be found in that used by the present writer—to whom the Greek original is unknown—the work of Laurent, namely, translated from the text of Gaisford, vol. i. book i., vol. ii. book v. Oxford, 1846.

† In Homer, "Odyssey," vii. 153, we have a remarkable instance of the custom here alluded to. Ulysses, after imploring the assistance of Alcinoüs, seats himself on the ashes of the hearth. See Laurent's Herodotus, *ut supra*, vol. i. 19, note.

‡ See Apollonius Rhodius, "Argonautics." Oxford, 1777 or 1779. See also Laurent, *ut supra*.

* So called, as the reader will at once perceive, from that excellent master by whom the magnificent gallery thus named was constructed; and to whom is indeed due very much of the credit, more commonly attributed to Michael Angelo, for other parts of the Vatican and St. Peter's.

† See Becker, "Demosthenes als Staatsmann und Redner." Halle, 1816 and 1830.

Sophonra the episode is familiar to all readers, but is not so widely known in our galleries. Neither is the radiant Armida so frequently represented as one might fairly suppose she would be, her wondrous beauty and the power of her fascinations considered. What, for example, could you do better than exhibit her? I will not say when casting her toils around Eustazio, as she threads her way across the crowded camp, nor when she subsequently sets forth her plausible story before the Christian chief himself and his most trusty councillors, although either occasion might serve your purpose well; let us take her at an earlier period, and show her listening to the lore of the Damascene Idraote, as he prepares her for that enterprise of deception which she ultimately carries out with so much success.

Hear first but some few of the words wherein our author describes this "fairest maid in all the East," as one of Tasso's numerous translators renders his—

"Donna cui di beltà le prime lodi
Concedea l'Oriente."

One stanza shall suffice; nor is even that required for the aid of your imagination, ever ready as she doubtless is to supply all riches for every need:—

"Fa nove crespe l'aura al crin disciolto
Che natura per se rincrespa in onde.
Stassi l'avar sguard, in se raccolto,
E i tesori d'Amore, e i suoi nasconde.
Dolce color di rose in quel bel volto
Fra l'avorio si sparge e si confonde;
Ma nella bocca, ond' esce aura amorosa,
Sola rosseggia, e semplice la rosa."*

The translation that follows is from the work of Captain Alexander Robertson:†—

"The unbound masses of her silken hair
In wavelets, rippled by the breezes float.
Within herself she treasures up with care
Looks freighted with rich stores of amorous thought.
A rosy tint upon her visage fair
With ivory's hue is mingled and inwrought.
But on her lips, whence breathes a rich perfume,
Blushes, unmix'd, the simple rose's bloom."

Hear, furthermore, the opening portion of the words addressed to this fair vision by her baleful kinsman—the dark enchanter Idraote; for in them you shall find significant intimations as to the character of beauty wherewith she is to be endowed:—

"Dice: o diletta mia, che sotto biondi
Capelli e fra sì teneri sembianze
Canuto senno e cor virile ascondi,
E già nell'arti mie me stesso avanzo;
Gran pensier volgò, e se tu lui secondì,
Seguiteran gli effetti alle speranze.
Tessi la tela ch'io ti mostro ordita,
Di cauto vecchio esecutrice ardità.
Vanne al campo nemico: ivi s'impieghi
Ogn'arte femminil ch'è amore allettì.
Bagna di pianto e fa melati i pregi;
Tronca e confondi co' sospiri i detti:
Beltà dolente e miserabil pieghi
Al tuo volere i più ostinati petti:
Vela il soverchio ardir con la vergogna,
E fa manto del vero alla menzogna.
Prendi, s'esser potrà, Goffredo all'esca
De' dolci sguardi e de' bei detti adorni,
Sì ch' all'nom invaghito omai rincresca
L'incominciata guerra, e la distorni.
Se ciò non puoi, gli altri più grandi adesci:
Menagli in parte ond'alcun mal non torni.
Poi distingue i consigli. Al fin le dice:
Per la fe, per la patria il tutto lice."‡

Thus rendered by Captain Robertson:—

"He said, 'O dearly loved! thy locks are fair,
And thy sweet face seems innocent of guile;
Yet old thy head, and bold thy heart to dare;
And skilled art thou in every virgin wile.
By thy assistance I great plans prepare,
Great ends I hope to gain if fortune smile.
Weave thou the web, as my advice directs;
Boldly perform what timid age projects.
Go to the hostile camp, and practise there
All arts of woman that to love allure;
Let tears flow freely, speak soft words of prayer,
And mingling sighs with broken words, adjure:
So shall the charms of beauty in despair
By love or pity hardest hearts secure.
Let modesty your darling hopes disguise,
And spread the garb of truth o'er all your lies.
Endeavour first Goffredo to ensnare
With sweetest smiles by flatteries endeared;
For men who love, from war would fain forbear,
And in war's toils have seldom persevered.
If he resist, some of his chiefs lead where
They may be kept secure, and no more feared.
He other counsels gave; and lastly said,
'All things are right our king and faith that aid.'"

* Tasso, Ger. Lib. canto iv. stanza 30.

† Edinburgh and London, 1853.

‡ Tasso, *ut supra*, canto iv. stanzas 24—27.

Differing entirely in character, but of equal merit, and equally appropriate to the purposes of the painter, is that passage in the eleventh canto, which describes the assault on the walls of Jerusalem, wherein Godfrey appears in person, and is wounded by Clorinda. First you have the bold and beautiful amazon, her bow, menacingly bent on the Christian assailants, in her hand:—

"E di macchine e d'arme han pieno avanti
Tutto quel muro a cui soggiace il piano:
E quinci, in forma d'orrido gigante,
Dalla cinta in su sorge il Soldano;
Quindi tra merli il minaccioso Argante
Torreggia, e discoperto è di lontano:
E in su la torre altissima angolare,
Sovra tutti Clorinda eccelsa appare.
A costei la faretra e l'grave incarco
Dell'acute quadrella al tergo pende.
Ella già nelle mani ha preso l'arco,
E già lo stral v'ha sulla corda, e l'tende:
E disiosa di ferire, al varco
La bella arciera i suoi nemici attende.
Tal già credea la vergine di Deio
Tra l'alte nubi saettar dal cielo."*

Rendered by the same translator in the verses that follow:—

"On the north wall there had been stored before
Missiles, and every species of machine;
There, rising like a horrid giant o'er
The wall, was, from the waist, the sultan seen;
There, 'twixt two merlons standing, like a tower,
Far off was seen Argante's threatening mien;
There, on the loftiest tower, where ends the wall,
Was seen Clorinda, far above them all.
Her quiver, with sharp pointed arrows stored,
Was from her back—a weighty load—suspended.
A shaft she chooses, fits it to the cord,
Already in her hand the bow is bended:
Thus eager to repel her foes abhorred
The lovely archer their approach attended.
So was erewhile the maid of Delos seen,
When from the clouds she showered her arrows keen."

Thus prepared, the fearless amazon receives her enemies; and constantly aiming at some prominent leader, has laid many among the noblest of the Christian captains low: Clothaire, Ademar, the Count of Amboise, and Palamede, have already fallen, when Godfrey himself, advancing towards the tower she thus stubbornly defends, and which now seems tottering to its fall, is wounded by one of those unerring darts. The state of things, as required for your purpose, is described as follows:—

"Così la torre sopra, e più di sotto
L'impetuoso il batte aspro ariete;
Onde comincia omai forato e rotto;
A discoprir l'interno vie secrete.
Essi non lunge il capitano condotto
Al conquistato e tremulo parete,
Nel suo scudo maggior tutto rinchiuso,
Che rade volte ha di portar in uso:
E quinci cauto rimirando spia,
E scender vede Solimano abbasso,
E porsi alla difesa ove s'apria
Tra le ruine il periglioso passo;
E rimaner della sublime via
Clorinda in guardia e l'cavaliere Cirsasso.
Così guardava; e già sentissi il core
Tutto avvampar di generoso ardore."

"Onde rivolto, dice al buon Sigiero
Che gli portava un altro scudo e l'arco:
Ora mi porgi, o fedel mio scudiero,
Costo meno assai gravoso incarco;
Che tenterò di trapassar primiero
Su dirupati sassi il dubbio varco:
E tempo è ben, ch'alcuna nobil opra
Della nostra virtute omai si scopra."

"Così, mutato scudo, appena disse;
Quando a lui venne una saetta a volo,
E nella gamba il colse, e la trafisse
Nel più nervoso ov'è più acuto il duolo.
Che di tua man, Clorinda, il colpo uscisse,
La fama il canta, e tuo l'onor n'è solo:
Se questo di servaggio o morte schiva
La tua gente pagana, a te s'ascriva."†

Translated by Captain Robertson in the stanzas that follow:—

"The tower above, still more the ram below,
Battered the wall; this, shaken to its base,
Began, through perforated rents, to show
The paths it screened, and the internal ways;
Godfrey, who thought it near its overthrow,
Approached the wall, its shaken strength surveys,
Completely covered by an ample shield,
One seldom used, which all his form concealed:
With cautious eyes examining the rent,
He from above saw Soliman descend,
And 'mid the ruins his bold front present,
Resolved the perilous passage to defend.
Clorinda, to protect the battlement,
With the Cirsassian cavalier remained;
This seeing, he already felt within
A generous heat to fire his heart begin."

* See canto xi. stanzas 27, 28.

† Tasso, canto xi., stanza 51, *et seq.*

"To good Sigiero then, who bore his bow
And a light shield, did Godfrey, turning, say,
'O faithful servant, let me now forego
This shield for one more light, that so I may
First mount the breach, and to the host first show
Amid these toppling stones a dubious way:
Full time it is, by some illustrious deed,
My valour should be shown to those I lead.'"

"Scarce had he changed his shield, had uttered scarce
These words, when from the walls a shaft they shoot
Which struck the chief, and deep his leg did pierce
Where nerves abound, and pain is most acute.
By thee, Clorinda,—so does Fame rehearse,—
The wound was given; all the renown impute
To thee alone, that death and servitude
Did, on that day, thy pagan race elude."

No lack of picture for him who revels amid the rich pages of Tasso, as even from these few passages is proved abundantly. Others of the Italian poets present them in almost equal abundance; yet is the writer compelled to admit that in Dante alone will you find matter of equal interest. Many are the striking portraits whereunto we would fain direct your attention in the last-named author; but, for the moment, let us bestow the small space yet remaining to us on another, also much admired by excellent judges, although by no means so well beloved by your poor scribe and servant now in presence.

In the latter part of the twenty-ninth, and the first stanza of the thirtieth canto of his "Orlando Furioso," Ariosto—to whom it is that we refer—describes the following, among other strange vagaries performed by the Paladin in his madness. He has dragged the dead palfrey of Angelica* to a broad estuary of the sea, where—

"Gli fu forza il cadavero lasciare,"

says the poet, "he was compelled to leave the carcass," since he can no longer drag it onward. He then crosses the river by swimming, an accomplishment wherein he is equal to the otter, says Ariosto; and on the shore thus gained, he finds a shepherd mounted on a good horse. To this man Orlando approaches with the following words:—

"Vorrei del tuo rozzin, gli disse il matto
Colla giumenta mia far un baratto

"Io te la mostrero di qui, se vuoi;
Che morta la sull'altra riva giace:
La potrai far tu medicar di poi
Altro difetto in lei non mi dispiace
Con qualche aggiunta il rozzin dar mi puoi
Smontane in cortesia, perchè mi piace.
Il pastor ride, e senz'altra risposta
Va verso il guado, e dal pazzo si scosta.

"Io voglio il tuo cavallo oia! non odi?
Soggiunse Orlando, e con furor si mosse,
Avea un baston con nodi spessi e sodi
Quel pastor seco, e il paladin percosse.
La rabbia e l'ira passò tutti i modi
Del Conte." ‡

This, to him who shall make choice of the subject, is perhaps the most favourable moment for his purpose. Useful studies of muscular action, or of the animal form in death, might perhaps be deduced from the earlier portion of the passage; and the approach of Orlando to the brink of the river might, for those purposes, be judiciously selected as a second subject—but this is a question that may safely be left to the taste and judgment of the student.

Turning from the Ausonian poets, and seeking other climes, let us try whether we may not find

* See canto xxix., stanza 67, *et seq.*

† Not being able to obtain one of the accredited translations of Ariosto in time for the present occasion, the writer substitutes the following, in preference to leaving any reader, who may prefer an English rendering to the original, with his desire unfulfilled:—

"I want thy wretched horse!" the maniac cried,
"Dismount, and take thou mine—there, on the stream's
far side

She lies, stark dead. Thou'lt cure her at thy leisure;
No other fault she hath. Haste, give me thine,
With aught beside in fair exchange—the measure
I make not too exact—so thou incline
Thy will in duteous haste to do my pleasure.
Give me thy horse, I say, and take thou mine!"—
The shepherd hears, then silently rides on
Smiling, and to the water-side is gone.

But after him Orlando. "Halt! ho there!
Dost thou not hear me, man? I want thy horse!"
Then doth the swain his knotted staff prepare
To strike the Paladin.—The raging force
Of that blind fury, words may not declare,
Rushing, as this he saw, with headlong course
Thro' the mad Count's hot breast—he springs to meet
The upraised hand—

Canto xxx., stanza 5, *et seq.*

something to our purpose in a work, greatly admired at the time when it was first made known to the English public, but which has not attracted much attention from our students in Art, so far as the present writer has been able to ascertain. We allude to the Swedish poem of "Frithiof," the most important production of its author, Esaias Tegner, Bishop of Vexjö, and, in the estimation of his compatriots, the first poet of Sweden.

The tale related is one of true love; but within it—and wherefore should there not?—are interwoven words of eternal wisdom: here, for example, are a few of those uttered by Thorsten Vikingsson to his son Frithiof, the hero of the poem. Let us premise, for the better comprehension of such as do not know the work, that Thorsten is the vowed friend, the "warrior-brother" of King Bele, who has called his own two sons, together with the son of Thorsten, to receive his dying farewell; that part of the ceremony—of which you shall presently have a slight description—concluded, Thorsten speaks, and as follows:—

"Thereafter uprose Vikingsson—he spake in manly tone—
"It seemeth ill that Bele king must pass away alone;
We twain have shared the chances of life's adventurous game,
And time is coming fast, when we may share our death the same.

"And length of days, son Frithiof, hath told a tale to me,
And whispered many warnings, which now I give to thee:
As Odin's black-winged messengers descend upon the tomb,
So on the lips of aged men there sits the surest doom.

"First, hold the holy gods in awe—in awe for good and ill,
Like storm and sunshine come of heaven, and visiting at will.
The eye of heaven sees the thoughts that dwell within the mind,
And later days repay the sins of years that lie behind.

"Thyself shalt die, and all shall die belonging unto thee,
But one thing mark me, Frithiof, shall live eternally—
The judgment over dead men; so strive both day and night
To think the thoughts of noble minds, and do the thing that's right."

Here, you will say, is no picture, and you are right; but preceding these are lines wherein you will find a highly effective one, setting before us all the chief characters of the story—one only excepted, who shall appear in due time. The words are these:—

"King Bele stood in council-hall, he leaned him on his glaive,
Beside him Thorsten Vikingsson, that Bretwald* bold and brave;
His aged warrior-brother, a hundred years had he,
With scars like runes, and hoary hair, so silver white to see.

"They stood within the presence-hall, their looks were haught and high,
Were like two ancient heathen shrines, that half in ruins lie:
* * * * *

"Then Bele king was first to speak—"My days are well-nigh sped,
The sweetest mead is tasteless now, my helm weighs down my head;
But even as each earthly bliss is fading into gloom,
Valhalla seems more bright and clear—I turn me towards the tomb.

"And hither have I called my sons, and called me also thine,
That each may hear in heedfulness these latest words of mine;
That I may speak, admonishing, before those eagles young."
* * * * *

"So, as the king had bidden them, they entered in the room:
The first and foremost Helge came—a man of craft and gloom;
He loved to live with priest and seer, and by their altars stand;
He came from groves of sacrifice, and blood was on his hand.†

"And after him came Halfdan, a light-haired youth was he,
His looks had come of noble blood, yet looked he womanly;
It seemed as tho' the sword he wore had but been donned in jest,
He looked like maiden fair, disguised beneath a hero's vest.

* Bretwald, or Bretwolda—a leader or chief.

† This may serve to show that it was not with the priest of a true religion, the seer of a pure creed, that the darksome Helge loved to dwell. Our author is indeed not the man to intimate disrespect of aught truly venerable, as will become obvious in our further progress.

"The last of all came Frithiof—he wore a garb of blue,
Was taller by a head's height than the taller of the two;
He stood between the brethren twain, as day, so calm and bright,
May stand between the ruddy morn and dark discoloured night."

To these youths, thus assembled, the old monarch addresses words of wisdom, adapting his counsels to the necessities arising from the character of each listener; thus, to the elder he says, remembering his narrow and ascetic fanaticism:—

"The Godheads great, O Helge king, in Disarsala* dwell,
But not as snails or limpets do, in close and shut-up shell;
As far as day's glad light may shine, as far as sound may fly,
As far as thought may wing itself, are Godheads great and high."

And further, referring to the harshness and cruelty which subsequently appeared in the character of the elder son, he says:—

"Be not too stern, O Helge king, yet ready to defend;
The swords that be the best to bite, are aye the best to bend."

with much beside to the same purpose.

To the lightness of his younger child the wise parent applies an exhortation to more earnestness of purpose, in the lines that follow:—

"O Halfdan, mark! a joyful mind is e'er a joyful thing,
But levity befiteth none, and least of all a king;
With hops and honey, well combined, the hydromel is made,
Put greatness in thy sports, my son, put steel into thy blade."

The old men die, and the young men enter on their inheritance, of which, in Frithiof's case, a somewhat minute description is given; but we are seeking pictures, and must not be delayed. Here is one that shall bring our heroine into presence:—

"In Hilding's hut, and Norway's clime,
Grew two sweet plants, in perfect prime;
And ne'er before were fairer given
To smile on earth, or gaze at heaven.

"There grew the sturdiest of them,
Like sapling oak with spear-shaped stem,
Whose crest, as e'en a helmet's glancing,
Wooded each wild wind to keep it dancing.

"And one was like a rose:—the day
That Christmas chills have passed away,
And spring, within its burning bosom,
Dreams of its fast unfolding blossom.

* * * * *

"I say they grew towards flowers and fruit,
And Frithiof was the sapling shoot,
And Ingeborn the rose that vied it,
The lovely rose that blushed beside it.

"Who sees the pair while sunbeams shine,
May deem himself in Freya's† shrine,
Where urchin Loves be deftly going,
With wings of light and tresses flowing.

"Who sees them with the pale moonlight,
To lead their dancing steps aright,
May deem there trips it light and airy
The Elfín King and Queen of Faëry.

"What Frithiof learned the day before
He taught the next to Ingeborn;
And proud was he when Bele's daughter
Had learned the runes that Frithiof taught her."

Here have you choice of season and occupation—sunshine or moonbeam; the light sports of childhood, or labour—light as they, with beauty in each and all: the painter has mistaken his vocation if he do not long to reproduce every fair moment so charmingly depicted by the poet. Two more delicious scenes for him whose love is for the ocean or the gladsome river, and then we pass on:—

"If long and late they sat afloat
On dark blue sea, in rudest boat,
It pleased her, as the sail was filling,
To clap her hands and help its swelling."

Or again, and think only what the firds and streams of Norway give you as the site of what follows!—

* Disarsala—the Hall of the Gods.

† Freya—the Scandinavian Venus. See Latham's "Frithiof," notes, p. 199.

"When floods were deep and streams were hoarse,
He bore his tender charge across,
Pleased if the currents lashed around him,
And her small arms the tightlier bound him."

Oh for your genius, sons of blessedness that ye are! all true artists. Would that your power had been the appanage of this your scribe! what galleries would not then be mine to wander through in joy perpetual! But no, for me they may but stretch their clustering columns in the light that imagination lends them; to you alone belongs the magnificent destiny of realising what for the common world is but a more radiant manner of dream.

And so be it! Do you but work for us only; suffer not that all our aspirations return unsatisfied to earth: give to a life of ages on your canvas, if it be but a portion of the good and beautiful that we cannot else retain beyond the fleeting moment, and your hearts shall rest content therewith, no less than our own.

But our Frithiof!

Yes; he is not forgotten. You next have him standing before the brothers who have succeeded to Bele's throne: he is there to demand the daughter of Bele, promised by her father. Hear some few of the words he addresses to Helge and Halfdan:—

"Chieftains," he said, "the royal maid
Is very dear to me,
And here I come to claim her home,
A lovely bride is she;
On Bele's laws I plead my cause,
He wished such match to be."

More follows, but this shall suffice. His Ingeborn is refused to him, and he departs in anger, uttering words of defiance. An aged suitor, King Ring, then demands her hand; but he too is rejected, and Ingeborn is sent for safety to the shrine of Balder, where she is visited by Frithiof. For a description of that "Meeting," I refer you to the poem;* but in consequence thereof Helge subsequently accuses Frithiof of sacrilege. The surrounding warriors urge the hero to deny the charge, which they believe to be false:—

"Frithiof, say No! and Ingeborn is thine!"

they exclaim, but Frithiof replies:—

"No hope or fear can be
In earth or heaven to wring one lie from me:
I saw thy sister, Helge. Eye was come,
'Twas then we met, and under Balder's dome;
But not in sacrilege or sin—unless
The simple meeting shook his holiness."

The warriors now all shrink from his side as from a thing accursed. Helge imposes what he believes to be an impossible task by way of penance, and Frithiof retires in rage and despair. He then repairs once more to the shrine of Balder, where he relates what has occurred, to his Ingeborn, whom he implores to join her fortunes to his own at once. Unconvinced by the many causes assigned by Ingeborn for her refusal, Frithiof is then leaving her in "high disdain":—

"He cursed himself, for that he strove to move
So much of prudence and so little love.
Then from his lips these savage accents fell,
'Farewell, King Helge's sister, fare thee well!'"

But not so can his hapless betrothed endure to see him part; her words arrest his steps:—

"Oh, Frithiof! Frithiof! must we part us so?
Hast thou no kindlier look before we go?
No softer word to soothe the soul's unrest
Of that fond maiden who hath loved thee best?
Deemest thou I lie on roses, and can see
My life's whole hope departing smilingly;
And lightly tear from an unbleeding heart
What grew with it, and never dwelt apart?"†

These gentle entreaties, with more of similar import, prevail. Frithiof acknowledges the power of the Nornas, or Destinies, and they separate; he to attempt the achievement of the task imposed by Helge, his Ingeborn to become eventually the prize of the aged, yet brave and noble warrior, who obtains her from her brothers "by his spear and his bow." Here for the present we must leave them, but may possibly recur to the subject.

* See "Frithiof," Latham's translation, canto v., p. 50.

† See p. 75.

BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XVIII.—JAMES DUFFIELD HARDING.



HERE we requested to point out the British artist whose talents have been most usefully exerted for the good of his profession, and for the benefit of that large portion of the community to whom Art is in any degree interesting, we should, without the least hesitation, name Harding. We care not to ask whether he is entitled or not to take his place among the great landscape-painters the country has produced—this must be matter of opinion after all; our own is decided; but we maintain that the most distinguished artist that has appeared in our school, if his reputation depended alone upon the application of his talents to the good of others, deserves a less honourable position than Harding. Landscape-painting within the last quarter of a century has, in England, undergone a remarkable change,—a comparison of the works of this period with those of the preceding cannot fail to convince any of the fact; and, by a careful examination of the former, we may easily trace this change to the influence of Harding's example. His style of composition, arrangement of materials, the forms and character of his foliage, the drawing and grouping of his figures, his distribution of light and shade, are more or less apparent in the works of many of our most popular artists. We do not presume to say they are copyists, but we believe his writings and his drawings have been

so carefully studied, and have left so strong and favourable an impression on the mind, that his contemporaries have insensibly, perhaps, become imbued with his principles of Art, and have carried them out in their own practice, but in a style and manner peculiar to each individually—that is to say, in harmony with each one's perception of nature.

And if we pass from the professional artist to the amateur this influence is still more strikingly obvious. Harding's published works on Art have long been text-books wherever the lead pencil is applied to the purposes of drawing, and men can read the English language—and even where the majority cannot; for his books are to be seen in almost every Art-repository of repute in Europe, in British India, and in America; wherever the study of Art is now made an essential feature of education, they are, we believe, the standard books of instruction. Instances are within our own knowledge of individuals who have become really excellent landscape-painters from the study of his written and illustrated lessons without any other instructor. As a teacher, either by his published precepts or by his personal superintendence, his name stands in the highest rank for the success of those who have resorted to his studio, or have had recourse to his various Art-publications.

In this matter of Art-instruction Harding has shown himself possessed of a capacity to which few painters, by comparison, can lay claim. A man may be a very clever artist without having the faculty of imparting his knowledge to another; and, on the other hand, he may have a thorough acquaintance with the principles of Art, and be able to initiate his pupils as thoroughly into them, and yet may himself be but an indifferent artist. We have frequently met with such characters, and but very rarely with those who, like Harding, can use the pencil and the pen with an equal degree of skill, so that the judgment is enlightened, and the mind instructed, while the eye and the taste are gratified.

The writer of these biographical sketches is indebted to the works of Mr. Harding for whatever amount of knowledge he has acquired in the principles and practice of Art; and from the various conversations—for *we*, to resume our editorial personality, have had the pleasure of his acquaintance many years—it has been our privilege to hold with him, we have gained much information concerning his career as an artist, and the feelings that actuated him to pursue his



Engraved by]

OLD BRIDGE AT ANGERS.

[Mason Jackson.

profession in a way so honourable to himself and so beneficial to others. No man interested in Art can be in Mr. Harding's company without *learning*—not merely *hearing*—something about it.

James Duffield Harding was born at Deptford, in Kent, in 1798. His father, a pupil of Paul Sandby, was an artist in excellent repute as a teacher, and was desirous of educating his son for the same profession, to which the latter was by no means disinclined. The youth at once began to study perspective with great earnestness; but finding that even a very considerable knowledge of the science did not advance him one step in pictorial expression, or what is properly called Art, he had recourse to the soft ground etchings by Prout, which at that period were held in high estimation by students of drawing. These he copied eagerly; and when he had reached the age of fifteen he received a few lessons in colour-

ing from Prout—that is, he saw the latter make two or three drawings, learned the pigments he used, and how to mix them. Harding now thought he would try his hand at sketching from nature, but soon found he dare not attempt anything beyond an old building, such as he had seen Prout draw. A tree with its foliage was a mystery he could not penetrate: everything he did at this time was, as we have heard him remark, *à la Prout*. He began to despair of ever getting beyond a dilapidated cottage, a ruined tower, or some other picturesque bit of architecture; but there was at home a wise and loving counsellor, whose advice and encouragement he felt it his duty no less than his pleasure to follow. His mother asked him one day, when she saw him drawing some old building, "Why trees, and skies, and hills, God's handiwork, were not as worthy of his time and attention as the objects of man's production seemed to be?" The hint

was immediately taken; he unhesitatingly devoted himself to the study of the works of nature, for which he had favourable opportunities, as he was then residing near Greenwich Park. Seated before some one or other of the noble chesnut, elm, or fir-trees which ornament the park, he passed many an hour with his pencil in hand, labouring diligently, yet almost broken in spirit at never finding on his paper aught that in a remote degree resembled the original object. Again he resigned all hope of becoming an artist, for at that time difficulties beset the learner of which the student of the present day knows nothing. Few, if any, examples were within his reach; no works of instruction worthy of the name could be purchased; no knowledge of principles obtained. Harding resolved in his extremity to abandon the pursuit of painting, and attempt engraving, and was accordingly placed by his father under Mr. Charles Pye, with whom he remained for a year.

But the yearning to be a painter was yet strong, and he could not withstand the temptation of recurring to his colour-box and pencils whenever he had leisure. He had been taught the then prevailing fashion of first washing over the paper on which the drawing was to be made with what was called a "harmonising tint," composed of light red and gamboge, or yellow ochre: this was always done without the slightest reference to the contemplated effect, or time of day,—if, indeed, such matters then obtained more than a momentary consideration. The primary operation effected, every object in

the sketch was coloured in a grey tint, made of Indian-red and indigo, except the brightest parts; and when various colours had been washed over each object as were respectively adapted to each, the drawing was considered to be finished. Now it occurred to Harding, as he was pondering over this unsatisfactory method of imitating nature, that this grey was employed to represent shade and shadow, and their modifications by the atmosphere. "Why then," he asked himself, "should the colour be placed over the grey, when in nature the shades and shadows and the air lie over the objects, and therefore between them and the eye? Here is a system the very reverse of nature adopted as a means of imitating her." He took the hint with which his observation of nature had furnished him, reversed his operations by using the local colours first, and the greys over them, and was so satisfied with the result as to follow with a good heart his "first love."

When Mr. Pye removed from London to Upton, near Windsor, he was very desirous to take his young pupil with him, but all entreaty was useless,—the latter had overcome one grand obstacle to his becoming a painter, and, moreover, had always regarded engraving as a painful drudgery; so he left it, and once more turned his face towards perspective, which now wore a pleasanter aspect than formerly, as it afforded him profitable employment among architects: from these engagements he gained a knowledge and love of architecture, which has ever since been of great value to him. But the natural craving of



Engraved by]

BERNCASTEL, ON THE MOSELLE.

[Mason Jackson.

his unsatisfied desires for higher things rendered this occupation irksome, and as he had frequent opportunities of lucrative engagements in the way of teaching, he accepted them; in a short time, to adopt his own expression, he "gained money and misery," for he found the teacher required to be taught. He could place before his pupils an example, could point out to them when and where the copy was like the original, or differed from it, but knew not how to answer the question frequently put to him,—“Why should I do this?” he had no answer to give; his only reply was to direct the ruler to the vanishing points of the object. He felt keenly the humiliation of being unable to instruct the reason.

At the age of eighteen Harding gained a silver medal from the Society of Arts for a water-coloured drawing; his visits to Greenwich Park were still continued, where a constant study of the works of nature enabled him to discover those laws of her operations he had so long looked for: he could now reason on what he did, and could give a reason for what he did. It was not very long after the period of which we are writing that lithography first made its appearance in England, and promised to become an art. He soon saw its capabilities, and attached himself to it—the more eagerly as it gave constant occasion for the employment of his pencil, and he was perfectly satisfied no one could become a painter who was not a skilful draughtsman. So thoroughly

had this conviction impressed his mind that he continued to draw unceasingly till about 1830, rarely producing during the whole of this time more than one water-colour picture in the year: yet he found that whatever he could accomplish with his pencil or chalk, he could with equal power produce with the brush; and as evidence of this fact he had already established himself among his compeers by several admirable water-colour pictures, as “The Corsair’s Isle,” “Modern Greece,” “Byron’s Dream,” and other subjects from the writings of the noble poet: some of these have been engraved on a scale of considerable size. Previously, however, to their production, he was elected a member of the old Society of Water-Colour Painters, his admission being gained by a drawing chiefly of foliage. Soon after his election, the late Mr. Robson, one of the oldest members of the society, called on Harding to congratulate him on his election, and to compliment him on the probationary drawing he had sent in. Robson took occasion, on this visit, to urge upon his young friend the advisability of his “sticking to trees,” and also recommended him to aim at suppressing a “power of execution” which, if not relinquished, would ruin him as an artist. Advice from such a quarter—for Robson was then in the zenith of his popularity—could scarcely be unheeded with impunity, yet it greatly troubled him to whom it was offered; again and again he looked at nature, pondering over the reasons on which he had based

his mode of execution, and at length feeling satisfied that he had the authority of nature for what he did, made his election as to which should have his respectful submission, nature or Robson, wisely chose the former, and continued the career he had begun. Yet alarmed lest circumstances and his own inclination might compel him to "stick to trees," he sought out other subjects, and visited France and Italy to procure such as he considered suitable for the *Landscape Annual*.

About this time impressions of some of his lithographic drawings found

their way to Paris, and were on two occasions exhibited at the Louvre; as an acknowledgment of their merits, Harding received from the *Academie des Beaux Arts* two gold medals, one of a very large size.

Simultaneously with the study of foliage he acquired a knowledge of the laws of nature with regard to shades and shadows; and being convinced of their truth, and, by experience, of their value, he placed in the hands of the public his work on "Elementary Art," as the result of what he had himself learned. This knowledge had undoubtedly been purchased by much toil, which



Engraved by]

BROOK IN DELAFORD PARK, NEAR IVER, BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

[Wm. Jackson.

he was desirous others should be spared, for no portion of such instruction was elsewhere to be found: that it has done good service thousands can now testify.

In 1836, Harding produced his "Sketches at Home and Abroad," in which was exhibited for the first time the appearance of chalk drawings done on tinted paper, and touched with white. The work gave an extraordinary impetus to lithography, for it was very soon followed by similar publications from drawings

by Stanfield, Roberts, Nash, &c. &c. The "Sketches" were dedicated by permission to the then reigning monarch of France, Louis Philippe, who, to mark his approval of the artist's labours, ordered a splendid breakfast service of Sèvres china to be forwarded to him; but an accident befalling one of the principal pieces, the king sent him instead, through the hands of Count Sebastiani, a magnificent diamond ring, with an autograph letter—a well-earned compliment to the artist's talents and industry.

He now practised painting in water-colours almost exclusively until 1842, when he set earnestly to work to prove again, by painting in oil-colours, the reality of his knowledge; for as a thorough acquaintance with mathematical science will make a man indifferent to what he applies it, and skilful in all, so a true knowledge of Art must render an artist comparatively indifferent to the materials he employs: the difficulties are not in the instruments, but in the acquisition of the knowledge which can alone direct their use. While painting on his canvas and paper, he continued to put forth at intervals various works and lithographies which, as we have before intimated, have spread universally, and found their way not only into the hands of those who regard Art as a part of education, but of those who make it the pursuit of their lives. It is quite needless that we should enumerate these artistic publications, or point out the ability and knowledge displayed in them; the world—not the British people only—knows them well, for there is scarcely a school-room, private or public, or an artist's studio, where they are not found; Art, at home and abroad, has, through their influence and teachings, become better known, appreciated, and encouraged. From all parts of his own country—as well as from every foreign land into which they have penetrated—Harding has received the most flattering acknowledgments and thanks; they have done as much—more we might assuredly say—to make English Art recognised and

respected abroad, than the finest oil-picture ever painted in Great Britain. The works of Feroggio of Paris, and of Calame of Geneva, manifest the influence of Harding's labours.

Our observations on the works of this artist have been principally directed to those he has published, because his fame—and it will be an enduring one—has largely arisen from these. But we are not, therefore, to suppose that his painting in oils and in water-colours entitle him any the less to a distinguished place in the roll of British artists. The Royal Academy, and the gallery in Pall Mall East, have shown abundant proofs that the brush is in his hands as powerful an instrument to produce the picturesque and the beautiful as a piece of chalk or a lead pencil. One scarcely knows in what class of subject to find him most "at home;" whether in the forest, the rural lane, the village common, or by the sea-shore of his own land,—whether in the mountains of Switzerland, the frowning fortresses of Germany, the villas and campagnas of Italy, or the mediæval architecture of continental towns and cities, he makes them all his own—so that it may be truly affirmed he is equally successful in the delineation of all. There is, however, one characteristic of his talent as a landscape-painter which we may almost call peculiar to himself, and that is, the admirable drawing, expression, and 'placing' of his figures,—they are always where they should be, and as they



Engraved by]

THE RETURN FROM MILKING.

[Nelson Jackson.

should be. We have heard him say he has studied the anatomy of the human form with as much care and attention as he ever did the forms of foliage and plants.

A question has frequently been asked of us, one too we have often put to ourselves,—“How is it Harding is not in the Royal Academy?” but we have never yet been able to offer a satisfactory solution of the query. Whatever influences may have been at work to withhold from him a position he has more than won,—yet in his case especially a place among the members would be nothing more than honorary,—they are certainly “strange and unnatural.” Not one, we presume, of the privileged “forty” would, if asked pointedly, declare him other than fully worthy to be their associate, and yet they have never done him the justice to elect him. The Royal Academy is, undoubtedly, a body of very clever artists; but as certainly it is not a body wise in its generation or politic. If the Academy is what it ought and professes to be—the chief Art-school of the nation, how is it that artist has been passed over who, beyond all others, has laboured to teach the world what Nature is, and then to try what Art is—the artist whose works, we know, are earnestly studied by the pupils of the Academy? and who, in imparting information, has presented a test by which the merits of his own works could be tried—who has sought to teach the artist “to study not alone what the object is as he sees it *externally*, but what it is to himself *internally*, and what it must be to others”—who has worked to place Art among the pursuits of the intellectual

faculties, and not of the mere fancy. It is not to say too much to assert that, by means of Harding's instructions, thousands now admire Art who would otherwise have been indifferent to it; and because their admiration is based on knowledge, it is lasting, and is given to Art worthy of the nation, whilst it is not subject to the capricious changes of ignorance, or, what is the same thing, of fashion. Moreover, he is in the true sense of the word a gentleman, a man of enlarged and progressive views, energetic, and in every way capable of originating and carrying out measures by which the Art-talent of the country may be more widely developed, and made more extensively useful, both to the artist and the public. We wonder if any of these qualifications are barriers to his admission within the corporation that reigns supreme in Trafalgar Square—if the admixture of such ingredients into the quiet conclave would disturb the equanimity of those who rest so contentedly and unmoved under the shadows of the Academic retreat? Such an opinion prevails, we know, very generally outside its walls; as does also another, that his exclusion is not the way to advance the Arts of the country. Within the last month he has been re-elected, without a dissentient voice, into the Society of Water-Colour Painters, of which he had so long been a member; the rules of the Royal Academy absurdly requiring that any one who seeks admission therein should withdraw from whatever other institution to which he may belong. Of course, Harding thinks he has now knocked long enough at the doors in Trafalgar Square, as he has withdrawn his name from the list of candidates.

ELEMENTARY INSTRUCTION IN DRAWING.*

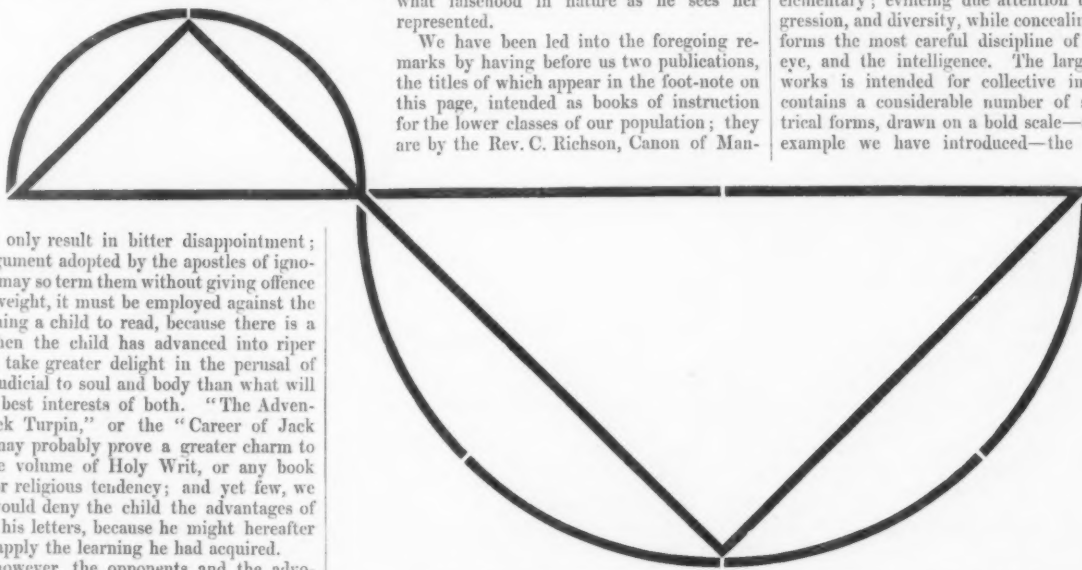
THERE is an opinion to a certain extent prevailing, and by no means among narrow-minded and illiberal persons exclusively, that the endeavours which almost on every side are being made at the present time to instruct the lower classes, and release them from the bondage of ignorance, must ultimately have a pernicious rather than a beneficial influence. The argument generally used by the opponents of education is, that we are giving to the children of the poor thoughts and ideas tending to make them discontented with the condition in which Providence has placed them; that education excites hopes and aspirations which never can be realised except in a very few instances; that, inasmuch as it is ordained the "poor shall never cease out of the land"—that there must always be "hewers of wood and drawers of water," it is worse than folly to attempt to make anything else of them. We are quite willing to admit that in this, as on all other controversial questions, much may be said on both sides. There is no denying the fact that knowledge is not always power, and also that it very frequently generates

tion is to call up a race of would-be artists, whose legitimate sphere is the factory, the workshop, or the field; and, in support of their theories, they point to the large number of indifferent pictures on the walls of some of our exhibition rooms, the productions of men who would have gained a better livelihood had they followed some trade or handicraft instead of the Arts. This is no doubt true to some extent; but we believe the good far outweighs the evil, and that to teach the elements of drawing is to lay the foundation of superior skill and intelligence in the artisan, and to instil ideas of the true and the beautiful into the minds of all. No man will make a worse mechanic because he has been taught the principles of the Mechanical Arts,—and the instruction to which we refer rarely goes beyond this,—neither will the furrows of the ploughshare be less true, because the hand that guided it may perchance have learned in early years the art of drawing the outline of a barn-door or a cottage window. And while speaking on this subject, we would incidentally remark that there is abundant evidence of the interest felt by the lower classes, generally, in all Art-matters, as well as of increasing knowledge of them; we do not mean to infer that the mechanic or the artisan has yet attained the position of a true Art-critic, but he is fast learning what is truth and what falsehood in nature as he sees her represented.

We have been led into the foregoing remarks by having before us two publications, the titles of which appear in the foot-note on this page, intended as books of instruction for the lower classes of our population; they are by the Rev. C. Richson, Canon of Man-

which they ought to possess, they must come forward and exhibit to the world boldly and frequently their whole mind, their whole heart. If the people take a deep interest in literature, philosophy, science, and the Fine Arts, the people will look to the clergy to sympathise with them. They will ask, 'Does he know anything of the Fine Arts? what does he think of the great writers? what does he know of the great painters whose works shall live for ever?' If a clergyman does love literature, and if he does love the Arts, and if he does not declare that he loves them, he is untrue to himself and false to the people. If ministers of the gospel are to exercise a mighty influence in these strange times—if they are 'to give their form and pressure to the age,' they must conceal nothing, they must fully and boldly tell them what they think on the subjects of every-day interest, and then the people will listen to them more attentively when they speak on the subject of religion."

It is evident that Canon Richson coincides with this opinion, and he acts upon it by employing a portion of his time, and a portion also of his means—for his books are published at a price to exclude all hope of pecuniary profit—in practically supporting his views. The two publications we have before us require but little explanation. They are founded upon principles strictly philosophical, although quite elementary; evincing due attention to system, progression, and diversity, while concealing under varied forms the most careful discipline of the hand, the eye, and the intelligence. The larger of the two works is intended for collective instruction, and contains a considerable number of simple geometrical forms, drawn on a bold scale—as seen in the example we have introduced—the peculiarity of



hopes which only result in bitter disappointment; but if the argument adopted by the apostles of ignorance—if we may so term them without giving offence—be of any weight, it must be employed against the duty of teaching a child to read, because there is a possibility when the child has advanced into riper years he will take greater delight in the perusal of what is prejudicial to soul and body than what will promote the best interests of both. "The Adventures of Dick Turpin," or the "Career of Jack Sheppard," may probably prove a greater charm to him than the volume of Holy Writ, or any book of a moral or religious tendency; and yet few, we apprehend, would deny the child the advantages of being taught his letters, because he might hereafter abuse or misapply the learning he had acquired.

Leaving, however, the opponents and the advocates of education to discuss the matter as they please, it is quite clear that in the present day the work of instruction must go on—it would be as useless to attempt to arrest the progress of the sun towards his meridian, or the ebb and flow of the ocean, as to erect a barrier against the march of the schoolmaster. Whether friend or enemy to the social, moral, and religious economy of the country, he must and will find admittance throughout the length and breadth of the land. It is therefore the duty of all in a position to control his movements, and exercise an influence over his actions, to see that they are rightly directed—to watch the course of education, lest a false step should defeat the object which ought to be the end and aim of all instruction—the welfare and happiness of our fellow-creatures, both in this life and the next.

Now if education in the abstract admits of argument, certainly the propriety of teaching the rudiments of drawing as part of a system of instruction to the poor may fairly be questioned; and it is questioned—by many lovers of Art too, for whose opinions and judgment on most matters we entertain the greatest respect. They assert that such instruc-

tion is to call up a race of would-be artists, whose legitimate sphere is the factory, the workshop, or the field; and, in support of their theories, they point to the large number of indifferent pictures on the walls of some of our exhibition rooms, the productions of men who would have gained a better livelihood had they followed some trade or handicraft instead of the Arts. This is no doubt true to some extent; but we believe the good far outweighs the evil, and that to teach the elements of drawing is to lay the foundation of superior skill and intelligence in the artisan, and to instil ideas of the true and the beautiful into the minds of all. No man will make a worse mechanic because he has been taught the principles of the Mechanical Arts,—and the instruction to which we refer rarely goes beyond this,—neither will the furrows of the ploughshare be less true, because the hand that guided it may perchance have learned in early years the art of drawing the outline of a barn-door or a cottage window. And while speaking on this subject, we would incidentally remark that there is abundant evidence of the interest felt by the lower classes, generally, in all Art-matters, as well as of increasing knowledge of them; we do not mean to infer that the mechanic or the artisan has yet attained the position of a true Art-critic, but he is fast learning what is truth and what falsehood in nature as he sees her represented.

We have been led into the foregoing remarks by having before us two publications, the titles of which appear in the foot-note on this page, intended as books of instruction for the lower classes of our population; they are by the Rev. C. Richson, Canon of Man-

chester, who has devoted, during several years, a large portion of the time he could spare from his ecclesiastical duties to the preparation of these and other elementary works of an educational character. We always rejoice to see the clergy occupying a prominent position—and a prominent position is their legitimate sphere of action—wherever instruction is to be conveyed; and especially are we pleased to find them advocating a knowledge of Art. Some observations on this subject made by a clergyman, the Rev. J. B. Dickson, at the annual meeting, in June last, of the Paisley School of Design, struck us very forcibly when we read them; he said:—"I am a lover of the Fine Arts, and especially because I am a clergyman. I feel that there is a debt lying upon the clergyman of our day to come forward much more frequently and commonly than they have yet done, to express their profound sympathy with the educational movement now abroad in reference to the young. It appears to me highly impolitic, as well as unmanly, in the clergy to stand back and withhold their influence in the struggles of the people of the land to secure for themselves a thorough education. The time has gone by when we could exhibit one set of opinions in private and another in public; when as clergymen we could appear with a stiff, formal demeanour in public, an unnatural demeanour, and in our own private study or drawing-room exhibit all the ease and elegance characteristic of the well-educated clergyman. It is this feeling, that the time has gone by for holding and acting upon two sets of opinions, which has induced me to come forward so frequently to express what I think on the great subjects occupying the public mind. I believe that if clergymen are to maintain the influence

which is that the lines and curves are broken at regular intervals, or with as much regularity as the figure will admit of, to help the pupil in acquiring precision of hand and correctness of line. Instructions for the drawing of the figure are given under each diagram. In the second book, consisting of five parts, the geometrical forms are combined with familiar objects, illustrating and applying the geometrical exercises previously learned. These are intended as *examples* for the pupil to copy, as the "DIAGRAMS" are for facilitating the instructions of the teacher. Accordingly, we have here something like a repetition of the larger work, drawn on a smaller and less bold scale, but accompanied with familiar objects various in kind, represented respectively by straight lines and curved, and by a combination of both—so that a pupil, having once acquired the art of drawing such lines, will find little difficulty in applying them to any ordinary object he may desire to sketch. Perhaps the greatest novelty in this series of examples is the use of lines indicating heraldic colours as preliminary exercises for shading. Mr. Richson's plan is exceedingly simple, and therefore just what is wanted for those he desires to benefit. Moreover, the extreme accuracy of all the figures, and the beauty of some, are matters for strong recommendation; while the prices at which they are published respectively—about 40 examples in the primary book of instruction for fifteen pence, and in the other upwards of 120 for half-a-crown—and their being entered on the RECOMMENDED LIST of the "DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART," whereby they may be obtained in the form of *grants* at very reduced prices, constitute them emphatically *Elementary Drawing-books for the humbler classes.*

* DIAGRAMS AND INSTRUCTIONS FOR FREE-HAND EXERCISES IN GEOMETRICAL FORMS, to be used in the Collective Teaching of Elementary Linear Drawing. By the Rev. C. RICHSON, M.A., Canon of Manchester. With Prefaces by G. WALLIS and J. A. HAMMESLEY. London: Depository of the National Society, Sanctuary, Westminster; Chapman & Hall; Darton & Co.—A COMPLETE AND SYSTEMATIC COURSE OF ELEMENTARY FREE-HAND DRAWING COPIES. By the Rev. C. RICHSON, M.A. With Introductory Observations by J. A. HAMMESLEY and G. WALLIS. London: Chapman & Hall, Darton & Co., and Depository of the National Society.

A FEW WORDS*

ON EXHIBITIONS AND HANGERS—EARL STANHOPE'S BRITISH WORTHIES—GOVERNMENT PATRONAGE—PICTURE DEALERS AND PICTURE PRICES—MR. RUSKIN AND PRE-RAFFAELISM.

Present—STUDENS and AMICUS.

Studens.—I am "Magister" no longer—a visit to the Academy Exhibition is enough to humble any contributor, and is a cure as efficient for professional conceit as a photograph for personal.

Amicus.—Do you then think your work ill-placed? It is on the line, and I thought it looked very well. Not so well, of course, as in your own room by itself; and smaller; but—

Studens.—Yes, smaller in every way; not only in size, but in drawing, painting, chiaro-oscuro—even in conception. All the poetry, if it ever had any, is knocked out of it.

Amicus.—Others will not think so. But are not pictures always deteriorated in individual effect in exhibitions? Is it not the common lot—do not all suffer?

Studens.—Well, not always. I have really seen some few pictures look better in the exhibition than out of it, but I own these are not many: they are the very few exceptions to a very large rule. And those perhaps are not the best works;—it is some comfort to feel that!

Amicus.—It is however, I suppose, an advantage to every artist to see his works in the exhibition by the side of others. It must tell him where he stands, and his faults; and in some degree may, I should imagine, instruct him how to amend them.

Studens.—Yes: it is a true monitor, though a stern one.

Amicus.—Yet friendly in the long run. No doubt it must be one of the severest tests an artist can have of his own cherished works, to see them side by side with the cherished productions of others, all struggling to be first.

Studens.—It is a mutual lesson. We teach one another, and should receive the admonition with equanimity. The real friend is he, no doubt, who tells you the truth even at the chance of displeasing you; and in this sense an exhibition is a true friend to each exhibitor, and saves, or should save, his intimates an unwelcome office. It shakes him, and wakes him from his dream, and bids him open his eyes. I do believe every one is more or less under an hallucination while he is painting a picture, and moreover fancies there is a great deal more in it than there actually is.

Amicus.—"Great wits to madness nearly are allied;" which I take to indicate the mentally half-sea's-over state under which great works are produced. All mortal productions must have faults, and few of the highest of these would probably ever have been finished had the author been alive, while producing them, to all their demerits. In any great effort I can well fancy that the *furor*—the youth of the work—should be kept up as long as possible: though it may be well in the latter stages of finish to appeal "from Philip drunk to Philip sober." I mean to bring in common sense to prune off redundancies, emphasise excellences, and harmonise and complete the whole—in *se teres atque rotundus*.

Studens.—Horace's recommendation to the poet was, as you know, to put his effusions on a shelf for seven years ere they received his final emendations; but I doubt if the dear little round man, and exquisite bard, ever thoroughly adopted his own rule:—it is so much easier to give than to take good advice, even if it be our own! He wrote his verses for all time, and it may be well predicted that they will reach their destination, by the hold they have on us now. And all Arts have much analogy, but it may not be denied that in painting, some works that have been struck off comparatively at a heat are among the most successful.

Amicus.—Oh surely the best works of Art are those that evidence long study?

Studens.—Not those of Rubens! except you mean previous study not individual to the work. His are corporeal rather than mental works, and appeal more to the eye than to the intellect. But I did not mean what you object to. I mean comparatively "at a heat;" for instance, one could not let one's

picture wait on a shelf for seven years for its final touch! I don't think one can define any time exactly as the best for doing a picture in. Different artists pursue such different methods. Some like to concentrate themselves wholly on one work from its commencement to its end, while others prefer two or three to be going on at the same time, now working on one, now on the other. And then different works by the same artist will take such unexpectedly various amounts of time. Moreover, painting is rarely all plain sailing: there is generally an agony-point to double somewhere in the voyage, and the time you arrive in port a good deal depends on the weather you meet with at this Cape! (of Good Hope or no, as it may be) so you see—

"You gentlemen of England who live at home at ease,
How little do you think upon the dangers of the seas."

Amicus.—But apart from similes you must think that ample time is essential to the production of fine painting as to other fine works.

Studens.—"Ample" means enough; I don't suppose it involves much to spare. In Pope's recipe for an epic poem, he recommends spreading out thoughts warm—adding, "they will be sure to cool." Now fresco-painting has all to be done in this hot state—there is no retouching.

Amicus.—But the cartoon is carefully studied first.

Studens.—Yes; but the artist in doing the real work is sure to attempt something beyond his preparatory level, or he is no true artist. We have it on authority, how Michael Angelo did the whole ceilings of the Sistine Chapel without assistance, in three years. That, it must be allowed, was very rapid; and from the multitude of works which the divine Raffaele produced in his short life he must have worked as rapidly too.

Amicus.—These men, at any rate, could not have had many "agony-points" to double. They must have begun by knowing exactly what they wanted to do, and have gone straight on to the end; going over so much ground every day, like a house-painter. I suppose these men are to be taken as exceptions.

Studens.—They were wonders for power. But they had no doubt their trials too; of this, one at least has left evidences—Michael Angelo—in the many works in marble he has left unfinished.

Amicus.—That might be from his impatience.

Studens.—No; of the marble works he has left incomplete several could not be finished. There is not stone enough left—it is cut away; and all sorts of incorrectness occurs—limbs of all kinds of lengths; but there is always the "great gusto." But I like them as they are with all their faults, and love them more than other people's perfections; however, he certainly worked in a hurry.

Amicus.—And in an hallucination?

Studens.—Oh yes; great as his achievements were, they were no doubt no more up to his dreams than other people's achievements are to theirs—only his dreams were higher as well as his grasp. However, there were not exhibitions of Art—in our modern sense of the word—in those days; artists had not to work up to time—to a particular day.

Amicus.—I have heard more than one artist say that he prefers to be thus tied to time, and can work better so than under other circumstances.

Studens.—Well, so have I: however, then it must be quite requisite to get into an hallucination, and railroad-paced *furor*. The artist withdraws himself from the world, and shuts himself up with his picture like an enchanter with his abracadabra, in his studio for a cave. Strict are the orders given, "Mr. So-and-so can see no one: he is finishing his picture for the Royal Academy." Thus saith his servant, as he or she opens the door, stationed in the midst an incarnate emblem of no thoroughfare. The artist meanwhile in his inner cell (crouched over his picture, or standing at distance, palette, maulstick, and brushes, held out wide at different angles, contemplating the next touch ere he rushes again at his canvas) lives in a delicious dream of hardwork and glory. Hour after hour, day after day, week after week passes; his vision takes form, expands into life, and lives on the surface of his canvas. At last the fated hour comes when it must go. The moment taps at the door. The arrival of the frame has only preceded its departure with the picture it embraces, a short half hour. The artist has had but just time to contemplate it in its appropriate wreath of

gold, without which it appears that no easel picture can be complete. It is taken out carefully, it is put into the van, with various associates for the same destination, carefully by careful men. It is gone—a weight is off the artist's mind! The bow that has been long so tightly strung is unloosed, and the overwrought spirit extends and stretches itself to the utmost extent in unwonted but delicious laxity. After awhile, however, his eye re-seeks his easel. It seems to gaze like himself in vacancy. He tries to realise his picture on it. "Well," he exclaims, "I could have given it a few more touches, but I am glad it is gone. I have worked hard, and now I'll luxuriate. I'll think no more of pictures for the next week." With this laudable resolve he steps across the threshold, but, vain thought! after awhile the image of his picture follows him.

"Post equitem sedit atra cura."

Not *atra* now, however, for everything is *couleur de rose*. It rises up before him like an exhalation, with a halo of the fancied glory it will reflect on its author! Of course he feels quite sure it will be accepted—the contrary contingency is among the impossibilities of nature! Moreover it will be well hung—of course,—A good place could not be denied to such a work, and he reckons on the quiet absorption he will have of the meed of praise. He thus bolsters hopes up into certainties, and is a happy man. Still it must be owned that as the time which is to decide its fate approaches, his confidence and courage (like Aeres') oozes out somewhat from the palms of his hands! However, we will suppose the powers to be propitious. His two first hopes come *quite* true. His cherished work is accepted and well hung. In addition, moreover, it is very passably admired, but not by himself. Among the first who rush into the exhibition rooms on the opening day is our artist. He walks rapidly through the rooms and sees it not, and almost prepares himself for the lowest depth of Art-fate—"Rejection;" but his hurry has given him a needless pang. On returning with less hasty steps he recognises his cherished work, in what also he cannot deny, is a very fair place; but, "Oh flesh, how art thou fishified!" "Is that my picture! can that be my work!" he exclaims. He goes closer. It actually seems to stare at him like an embodied vital being, and to reproach him, its author, as the monster did "Frankenstein," for the miserable appearance it makes! "Ah!" he exclaims again, after a few moments of sorrowful contemplation, during which his excited heart-beatings have slackened down to a more equable pulse, "I am a sleeper awakened indeed! O child of my brain and Art, thou art indeed but the Epichus to the Hercules I thought thee. What I falsely thought delicacy in thee is feebleness; thy force is blackness; thy warmth hot, and thy freshness cold—cold as the North Pole!" Down goes the artist's own thermometer of spirits considerably below zero; in which condition he re-crosses the threshold of the National Gallery.

Amicus.—What! without looking at the other pictures?

Studens.—I am only supposing a very extreme case, where the shock of the disorder has been of a very malignant character indeed! In usual cases he looks with so much attention over the other works that he almost forgets his own, and is carried away, perhaps, quite by admiration of some other work; for really British artists are not a jealous class, whatever the world may say. But to return to my theme, and to speak in sober truth—I doubt whether any contributor to the exhibition passes out of its doors at his first visit to it *happy*—at least, if he does, he has a most enviable degree of self-content!

Amicus.—Or a most unenviable degree of blindness. But if an exhibition is so fraught with disappointment to those whose pictures are accepted and well hung, what must be the feelings of those who have their works rejected altogether?

Studens.—There seem to be three degrees of disappointment: that of the man whose work is well hung, and he does not like the look of it; that of him whose work is badly hung; and of him whose work is not hung at all. And I hardly know which situation is felt most acutely. The man whose work is well hung can put no flattering unctious to his soul that it is the disadvantage of place that gives it so incomplete an appearance. His shortcomings, his

* Continued from p. 202.

errors, are all his own; but he, whose work is badly hung, clings to this mishap as an excuse for all its defects—a loophole to escape from self-reproach. "It can't," he exclaims, "be seen there at all—how that picture injures it! How differently it would have looked here!" and kind friends chime in with his remarks, and aid his resources of throwing the blame on other people.

Amicus.—But he who is rejected altogether?

Studens.—Oh, he is an injured man, of course; and he sees in his mind envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness, hovering over the Academy like harpies, or presiding at her councils like amiable compounds of Fates and Furies! But even in this third and ultimate case, as regards self-judgment, the aspirant escapes the hard competitive rubs of other works against his own. He thinks quite as well of his picture as ever, and is left free to image to himself and others the effect his work would have had if it had been accepted—only accepted: "it would not have mattered where it were hung—even in the Octagon Room; it would have made its public for itself: it could not have been hid." This, if he does not say or think himself, some dear mother or kind sister suggests it as balm to the wounded spirit, which his ready ear drinks in only too readily—for the onus of his rejection rests probably with himself.

Amicus.—But you would not say that injustice is never done?

Studens.—R.A. does not stand for "Real Angel." The Royal Academy are but men, and therefore they are not perfect, nor are they always right in judgment; but I believe they are as fair as any other body of men would be. The selecting council take vast care and attention in their selection; and as for the poor hangers—I fully believe that were each weighed at the commencement and at the end of their month's labour and anxiety, they would be found much lighter for their work.

Amicus.—Such a statistic might shield them from vituperation.

Studens.—Apart from the responsibility of having to arrange in a short time, and within a confined space, the principal British Art-labours of the year, it is really a very difficult thing to arrange pictures well. They injure or harmonise with each other in juxtaposition to a far greater extent than any but artists can appreciate. One of the best pieces of picture-hanging I ever saw was the British portion of the Beaux-Arts at Paris last year; but there the arrangers had the advantage of their materials being the selected works of years, instead of the efforts of one year. If our artists do not paint better than the French, they certainly "hang" better.

Amicus.—I wonder if our neighbours have the same idea. I suppose we have all something to learn. I like to see the Art-works of various countries together. That Beaux-Arts Exhibition was a great benefit to all lovers of the gentle craft of brush and palette. It was well to see our British works there, and I like to see foreign works here, in our exhibitions—the reciprocity is useful.

Studens.—If it is not, as the Irishman said, "all one side!" The worst of it is, that though foreign works are purchased here from our exhibitions, ours would not be bought abroad.

Amicus.—I suppose that is a penalty we pay for being the richer country. However, we are sufficient for ourselves. There is a large current sale of British pictures in this country.

Studens.—Oh! we have no reason to complain on the whole of the general encouragement for our Art. It is at the present time far more than could have been predicted forty, thirty—nay, twenty years ago. It is not perhaps the highest style of Art that is most encouraged in this country; but then we must recollect that this also applies to literature.

Amicus.—Macaulay's works are surely not only highly appreciated, but are most extensively read; and a bookseller would add, "profitable speculations."

Studens.—Yes, they are exceptions to which one turns with pleasure. Assuredly Macaulay's works are among the few in the present day that will live. That they are appreciated is very hopeful for literature and the taste of the people; and I believe the taste in Art is on the rise, too; and that those buyers who began by only relishing a bit of rustic landscape, or rustic beauty, or pictures of animals, will end by equally cherishing the higher

aims of the muse. When I talk of bits of landscapes and animal pictures, do not think for a moment that I deery them, or ever wish to see them have less encouragement than they have now, only I should like to see the other walk have its due proportion too. Art to be a truth must be the exponent of the time and people, and British Art would cease to be British if it did not bud and blossom out into all those familiar scenes and objects that we British love so much; but I am always glad to see encouragement and appreciation attach itself to a style of Art analogous, we may say, to Macaulay's province in literature.

Amicus.—I have heard some one mention as the characteristics requisite of an historical work, that there should be a man with a brown back in the foreground, and that the whole work should be intensely uninteresting!

Studens.—And you would be the first to say, too, that Macaulay is not uninteresting, and that his style might be appropriately brought in to illustrate what an historical picture should be—not a collection of dry details and date, but instinct with vital existence and character—epic, dramatic, biographic, individual. Macaulay has the power to make his people move and speak; you see them—hear them, and in analogy so should painting.

Amicus.—And so, I am sure, do some of our painters of the present day. We are not obliged to look abroad to Paul Delaroche and others; we have men who do this here—and they are encouraged.

Studens.—But they are obliged to paint on a less scale than is desirable.

Amicus.—That is on account of the size of our houses, which do not admit of very large pictures.

Studens.—Exactly; I have no objection to small pictures, but let us have large ones too. If individuals encourage the small scale, so should Government encourage the large. She should set apart a certain annual sum out of our national resources for such full-sized works, as should be best illustrative of our historical, actual, poetical, biographical facts and character, past and present.

Amicus.—Earl Stanhope has originated an advance in that direction by his excellent motion of a portrait gallery of British worthies, and the house has endorsed it.

Studens.—I trust it is the smaller end of the wedge. Excellent in itself, I hope greater things will follow. Anything in that way carried out by the legislature will be well appreciated by the people. We are a commercial people: and who are now the great supporters of Art in this country—the great buyers? Why, the men who have made their money by commerce; and they appreciate what is done judiciously in the furtherance of Art by the powers that be. For why? They love it themselves. What would our painters do without Manchester and Liverpool? It is not our hereditary peerage now that supports Art; it is our wealthy aristocracy of energy and commerce. And this is what gives the highest hope for Art, and of that continued and substantial nourishment by means of which alone Art can be expected to put forth its best bloom. Artists must live to be able to paint. And this renders the prices of pictures of so much importance. It is only of late years that modern Art has really become of commercial value. The spirit of our country is commercial, and with this our Art must be in some way united to advance. Art has never stood alone; it has been ever supported by something stronger than itself,—the agent of a creed or a state policy. It must here have a basis of commercial value to rest on. This it has gained. What a difference from former times!—When Wilkie sold his "Village Politicians" for £30, his associates and contemporaries thought him a lucky fellow; and, without making invidious comparisons, the exhibition of this year will yield us strong examples of pictures not nearly as good yielding to the authors ten or twenty times as much. What would such a picture sell for if it were produced now?

Amicus.—And how has all this been done? I suppose picture dealers have helped it.

Studens.—I own it so; and we must not be too keen in finding fault with the staff that has propped us. It is but a few years ago that nothing but old pictures would go down, and that manufactories of Raffaels, &c., supplied those unfortunate country gentlemen, who, unhappily for their pockets, fancied

they had a taste. The public dealer then decried recent pictures, and would allow no genius to a modern brush. The pseudo-Raffaello and Correggio trade, however, became somewhat overblown and blown upon too; and some of the more intelligent among those who had turned their attention to trade in Art began to perceive that there was a field for making money in the works of the day, which were pressing their way upwards in spite of the "old masters." I do not give picture dealers in general much credit for an abstract attachment to Art for its own sake, although there are honourable exceptions doubtless. It was their keen sense of interest that saw that the time was come for modern pictures to have a commercial value. It became their interest to raise the public estimation of this branch. No doubt the dealers take up pets among the artists, but on the whole they have been useful to modern Art; and for their good incomes and pleasant establishments many of our painters are very considerably indebted to them.

Amicus.—And such men as Mr. Ruskin do good too.

Studens.—Yes—the dealers buy pictures to sell; and Mr. Ruskin writes books about Art to sell; and they both do good to the subject they treat. They both work at their mission, and I give both credit for not being wholly influenced by personal motives. Even the predominance of Mr. Ruskin's organ of destruction is a great agent for good. He sweeps his goosequill this way and that; he makes a clearance. He is a good pioneer; he takes up his axe and strides forth into the woods, and, like Billy Kirby, in Cooper's admirable tale of the American border, delights in the destruction he makes. Whether he could utilise into an edifice the materials he fells, is another matter.

Amicus.—Talking of Ruskin is next of kin to speaking of Pre-Raffaellism. What think you of it this year in the exhibition?

Studens.—Van-eckism rather—to which it is more allied in execution than to the art of Cimabue, Giotto, and that ilk. The success of an episode in Art like "Pre-Raffaellism" depends on a good many things, and at the time it first came out the town was just ripe for a diversion of archaeological art; and the especial phase it took could not have been better devised to hit the public had it been suggested by a shrewd picture dealer. There is "vis" in the men who took it up, and some admirable pieces of mere painting owe their existence to the effort; but as a style it is doomed.

Amicus.—Well, at one time, it seemed as if it were going to sweep all before it.

Studens.—A sudden flow has by nature a sudden ebb. In my artistic recollection, which now spreads over a good many years, I can recollect several phases of Art that the public have overpraised which have had a sudden downfall. Taste is always oscillating, and is never but a moment in its true place of rest, but swerving either on this side or that, especially as regards works of the day; and no little injustice is sometimes attendant upon this. When the public have overpraised an artist very much, and the time comes to find out its mistake—which is always done in the long run—it revenges itself on the former subject of its adulation for the error it has committed; and having before decked him out with attributes to which he had no real claim, when the reaction has taken place, will not even allow him the excellences which he really does possess!

Amicus.—And would you include the press?

Studens.—I will give you a case in point years ago. A leading journal, some fifteen years ago, praised up, I think beyond his merit, the most imaginative perhaps, or at least the most inventive of the "R.A.'s," then quite a young man, whose multitudinous and poetic works took the artist-world quite by storm. Nothing was too great to be said of him, and half a column was not enough mention of his excellences. His works had many great merits, but did not deserve to be set forth as equal to those of Raffaello. They have the same qualities now as they then had; and yet we find the same journal, a few years ago, presuming to congratulate the public that the annual Royal Academy Exhibition that year had no work by that artist, coupling him with another high name—that of a fellow-countryman of his—whose works are standard! Thus do we adulate an image into a god, and find-

ing we are wrong, revenge ourselves by dashing it all to pieces!

Amicus.—And is Pre-Raffaellism in danger in like manner?

Studens.—I should not wonder if a few years hence it is ranked lower than it deserves.

Amicus.—It does not appear even now to be so much in the ascendant as it was last year, which perhaps may have been its time of crisis. But you do not deny great merit in it? such a public success is not without some foundation.

Studens.—There is the merit of sagging out in it; it is a kind of Daguerreotype painting. But critics have not discriminated its qualities. With some few exceptions, Pre-Raffaellism has had the merit solely of *execution*, and not of sentiment. The extremeness of ugliness has been very truthfully displayed by it; but it is much easier to portray ugliness than beauty, and meanness than dignity. There can be no substitute for beauty. There has been much pseudo-faithfulness in Pre-Raffaellism, obtained by emphasising ugliness both of form and tint. It thus gets the praise of truth for actual untruth, and for power from want of power. Pre-Raffaellism has dealt largely in ugliness; and if that were allowable before the time of Raffaele, it assuredly is not so after, when that great master left so many examples of the most human and faithful expression, combined with the greatest beauty. What would the world think if a corps of sculptors were to be Pre-Phidian, and give us a number of Cyclopean and Assyrian rude idols?

Amicus.—But surely you agree in the Pre-Raffaellism having done good to the English school?

Studens.—There is a vigour in the episode, and there is a definition in its art that is well opposed to slippish. But I hold most of the Pre-Raffaellite effects to be false; they have a similar reference to nature, in regard to relief, as a plant pressed in a "hortus-siccus" has to the free flower in nature—flat and distorted. Forms are set forth by them with such confidence, that the world hardly ventures to call them ill drawn—hardly supposes the artist would venture to put them forward with such startling earnestness if they were not true. You will say, perhaps, I am talking illiberally of this school; but I am simply expressing what I cannot be blind to, and opposing an undue cry for certain peculiarities which have no foundation in true Art. There is no excuse for disagreeableness in Art; and though I may see some excellent qualities in the Pre-Raffaellite school, I hardly know a picture among their productions which I covet, or that I believe will hold the ground it at present occupies.

Amicus.—But do not you think that the young men who have commenced this school will do great things when their peculiarities are modified by time?

Studens.—I should hope so; I believe there is an excellent likelihood of it. But I have lived long enough in Art not to put faith in promises; I believe in works when they are done, and not till then.

Amicus.—They certainly number among them men of great talent.

Studens.—Undoubtedly. Moreover, it is not, perhaps, that I estimate the productions of the Pre-Raffaellites lower than other people, but that I estimate those of a more unaffected style higher. Out of the present exhibition, even among the productions of the young men, it is not the Pre-Raffaellite pictures I should wish to have, either for my own pleasure or for their abstract merit. I see other pictures there which have their excellences without their demerits. Pre-Raffaellism is an overstrained style in all its material points; and its sentiment, even when effective, is apt to be overstrained too. But to this there are exceptions; but as a style it does not appear to be a working out of unaffected, simple thought.

Amicus.—Rather legendary too, perhaps, than historic or epic; and for its success in some degree to be obliged to Mr. Ruskin.

Studens.—Perhaps.

Amicus.—And to the picture dealers?

Studens.—I do not say that.

Amicus.—You do not actually affirm it! Still these gentlemen must be very powerful with the public. This reminds me of what I heard a sculptor exclaim the other day at an Art-discussion, in which the press and dealers were severely handled:—"I wish Mr. Ruskin and the dealers would only take me up too, and my Art!"

THE LATE EARL OF BELFAST.

ENGRAVED BY R. A. ARTLETT, FROM THE STATUE BY P. MACDOWELL, R.A.

It is our intention occasionally to introduce into the *Art-Journal*, as circumstances may seem to render it advisable, engravings from some of the numerous statues which have recently been erected to the memory of distinguished individuals. Portrait sculpture has, within the last few years, met with great encouragement, and, as a consequence, has advanced in style and character. In making our selection of such works, it will be our object to choose those only which appear to us worthy of being classed with the poetical conceptions of ideal sculpture.

We commence then with an engraving from the bronze statue by MacDowell, recently erected by public subscription in the town of Belfast, to the memory of the late Earl of Belfast, son of the Marquis of Donegal. We must borrow some fragments from the eloquent address delivered at the inauguration of the statue by the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, the Earl of Carlisle, as a more fitting tribute to the worth of his young friend than any words we can offer:—

"For what purpose, let me ask, is it that we are now assembled? To pass what, in both ancient and modern nations, has been always reckoned as the highest and culminating honour which can attach to the departed—to raise a statue to their memory, in the full light of day, when the concourse of men is thickest. And to whom, let me ask also, is this honour to be assigned? Is it to the successful warrior, who has defended the firesides and upheld the glories of his native land? Is it to the veteran statesman, whose long career of honoured years has been numbered by benefits bestowed on his fellow-countrymen? Is it to the powerful monarch whose will is law, whose breath is patronage? No; but to a young man who had only attained the age of twenty-five years, who had never filled any public station; and who, if connected with the people of this district by the ties of hereditary descent, and anticipated inheritance of property, yet now, from his cold grave, cannot remunerate, or even thank, one human being. . . . It is some praise that a young man of one of the first families in the country, born, so to speak, in the purple, reared amidst all softness, inclined as well by temperament as by training to the keenest susceptibilities of refinement—to the polished and imaginative side of human existence—to the soft influences of Art, and music, and song, should not yet have confined himself to those smooth limits and trim enclosures, from which the bleak winds of our working-day world are shut out so carefully, but should have taken the more real as well as the more generous view of the true purposes of human existence. From the days of his early boyhood he had a strong, I may say a fervent wish to apply the faculties which his Creator had given him to the service of his fellow-men, and especially of his fellow-countrymen. . . . I have hinted at his aptitude for musical composition, in which he showed such remarkable proficiency. Well, I find that the sale of his earliest musical compositions brought him the sum of £100, which he applied to the relief of the sufferers by famine in the dreadful years of 1846 and 1847. He had long entertained an eager hope of founding in this city an institution containing reading and lecture-rooms for the working classes, with a gallery for painting and sculpture—arts which he loved and appreciated so well. I have a mournful satisfaction in referring to him as an associate in the delivery of lectures in public assemblies; and many of you, I doubt not, will remember with pleasure the promptitude with which he came forward to make his first speech in public, on a sudden emergency, at the opening of the Belfast School of Design."

Such is a brief sketch of the man whom the citizens of Belfast, who could perhaps best appreciate his worth, have delighted to honour. MacDowell's statue of this gifted young noble realises his person and character with unqualified success; it is not alone a beautiful work of Art, but it reflects the beauties of the mind and person of him who—

"Gentle, wise, and good,
Manhood's loftiest aims pursued
With a heart of maidenhood."

He died of consumption, at Naples, in 1853.

THE ART SEASON OF 1856.

WE are not so ungrateful as to give the sum of the season as—*pax et preterea nihil*; the glad tidings of peace came in time to give happiness to many hearths; the impulse was soon felt—men of genius, who, at the end of last year, knew not when they might again be employed, have been gradually yet fully re-commissioned. But sculpture does not so soon recover from a state of depression as painting. We could name artists of eminence in this department who have not received a commission during the last twelve months; hence the meagre exhibition of sculpture this year. We very ingenuously declare ourselves destitute of taste for large Art; but verily there must be somewhere a craving appetite for minor productions. We see yearly thousands of pictures; and of these, hundreds are good enough or bad enough to impress the memory inasmuch that they may be remembered; but having disappeared from the walls of the exhibition rooms, how rarely do we again see any of them! Of some few of paramount excellence we learn the destination; we may know their whereabouts, though we may never see them again. We have seen known works distributed and re-distributed by the hammer of the auctioneer, yet these bear an insignificant proportion to those purchased directly from the painter, and indirectly from them through dealers. The great proportion of collections now in progress of formation are the property of the middle classes, to whose patronage in a very great measure the prosperity of Art is indebted. Those of our countrymen who are facetiously termed the "cotton lords" and the "iron princes" of our land, are munificent buyers of the works of living artists, and all therefore of the productions which they acquire will hereafter be property unquestionably genuine; whereas those collections, generally, of so-called old masters, formed under the insufficient warranty of foreign dealers, will, under the matter-of-fact test of the auctioneer's hammer, realise one twentieth of their cost.—With reference to the sales of our modern Art, and the channels into which it flows, the fact we state would be attested by the sale-books of the different Art-societies, if we were to refer back during the few last years to these records.

We had last year to note a falling off in the receipts of the Royal Academy, but we believe that this season the amount derived from visitors is an improvement upon that of 1855, though yet far below that of 1851, the Great Exhibition year. The summing up of last year was a source of consternation to the royal body; it showed that their course of prosperity might be interrupted by causes even difficult of explanation. Many really sensible and practicable hints have been lately thrown out with a view to their adoption for the improvements of the institution, but as a body they are not yet sufficiently advanced to admit of any liberal change. They have a considerable measure of justice to fulfil before they can enter upon any course of what will be called liberality. Alas! the lady whom they have pedestal as their deity of justice is not blinded, and her scales and weights are adjusted to an infinitesimal avoirdupois. But of the exclusiveness of the Academy enough has been said; the ill-judged elections must bring about the ultimate remedy. The long list of portraits and pictures previously sold that are sent for exhibition to the Academy renders the question of the amount of sales somewhat difficult of solution: the prices at which the more important works have been commissioned and disposed of are generally known, but we have no space to individualise—it is enough to say that the worst have realised the largest sums. In comparison with the amount paid into the Academy those received by the other institutions are small, but they are generally considered average returns, some even beyond a mean computation. The Society of British Artists exhibited eight hundred and forty works, of which two hundred were sold, independently of those disposed of before exhibition, and the amount received was £6000. The catalogue of the National Institution gives a list of five hundred and eighty works, of which a proportion was sold to the amount of £3000. The Society of Painters in Water-Colours have exhibited three hundred drawings, of which two hundred and twenty-two were



STATUE OF THE LATE EARL OF BELFAST.

ENGRAVED BY R.A. ARTLETT. FROM THE STATUE BY P. MAC DOWELL, E.A.



sold, including all the large and principal works. To this gallery there has been a great increase of visitors this season—an augmentation of eight thousand beyond that of 1851, when the doors were kept open a fortnight beyond the accustomed term. Upon several occasions, at the early part of the season, the press of visitors was so great that the staircase was most inconveniently crowded, as was also the room, and numbers were obliged to postpone their visit until a more favourable opportunity. This institution, in its policy, is a model well worthy of imitation by the Royal Academy; it never rejects any candidate of a certain degree of merit; and perhaps the circumstances attending the last election are unique in the history of such institutions—we mean the withdrawal and re-election of Harding and Holland, both of whom have been treated by the Academy in a manner pointedly insulting. The New Society of Painters in Water-Colours exhibited three hundred and forty-nine drawings, of which one hundred and fifty were sold, realising an amount between two and three thousand pounds; and thus supposing the British Institution to have exhibited five hundred and fifty pictures, there have been seen in the various exhibitions more than three thousand works of Art never before exhibited.

In a list so numerous the landscape subject-matter is of every variety; there is no locality of any pictorial interest that is not represented—and, for the sake of a *variorum*, very many of no pictorial interest at all—abstracts of every region lying between the sunniest parallels of the palmy latitudes, and the perennial obscurity of others condemned to lie for ever countless fathoms below zero. Rome is no longer the “eternal” city; Venice now rejoices in that epithet—an everlasting theme in brick and mortar, which makes us long for the novelty of Hampstead and Wimbledon Common. Then there are the travelled landscapes—those of Egypt and India, with subjects even of Algerian scenery: hence, perhaps, we may be invited to perch like sea-birds on some islet-rock of the classic Archipelago; visit the site of Carthage, seasoned with a suggestion of Marius; or the ruins of Corinth, still guarded by the ghost of the Consul Mummius. We have scenes from Arcadia, teeming with flowers

“Sweeter than the lids of Juno’s eyes;”

and subjects among the sublimest Alps, veiled in snow, and suggesting themselves to the spectator as the gigantic handmaidens of some outraged consecration, and thus condemned for ever to stand mysteriously veiled. The Italian peninsula has supplied its quota, but without much variety—for painters, like sheep, tread in each other’s footsteps; hence the continued reproduction of the Italian lakes, the villages which lie scattered on their shores, and the mountains by which they are surrounded—their surfaces and the skies by which they are canopied afford but little variety of feature. We frequently turn from them with a sense of refreshment to the surging waters of the North Sea. But after all, what is there equal in freshness to the landscape of our own isles? The trees are picturesque beyond everything elsewhere to be seen, and the combinations of lake and mountain in the lake districts of England, Wales, Ireland, and Scotland, are unequalled in the world. Switzerland and the Italian lakes are much bepraised by travellers; but all travellers are not painters, and it requires some knowledge of Art to learn that mountainous Switzerland does not paint well; and all that can in any wise vie with our romantic landscape are the lakes of Switzerland and Italy, while there is nothing that approaches the verdure of our wooded landscapes, which, be it understood, is much more difficult to paint than Italian scenery.

In our first glance of the contents of the Academy this year we were struck by the number of large portraits, and the quantity of small pictures. The community of painters seemed to have been laid asleep by the wand of some enchanter during the greater part of the year, and to have shaken off the soporific influence only just in time to paint a picture for the exhibition, without a thought to give to the selection of subject. If this were once the case it would not excite notice, but it is always the same. We repeat what we have before so frequently said—these exhibitions betray a melancholy want of reading among our pro-

fessors of Art. There are a few works which are invested with the dignity of historical narrative. Elmore’s “Charles V.” is one; it has been painted before, but never so well; we wish he had painted a subject entirely original, and equally well. Ward’s picture is also full of earnestness and thought, but he is painting too much from the first French revolution. In such melodramatic subjects as “Andrew Marvell returning the Bribe” (Wallis) there is much interest, but the subject is not made the most of. “The Death of Chatterton,” by the same, is better. “Cranmer at the Traitor’s Gate” (F. Goodall) is an admirable subject, and treated with a becoming sentiment. It is extraordinary, that of more than thirteen hundred works there should be so few painted with a real feeling for originality and the dignity of historic and didactic Art. There can be no hope of anything great from Pre-Raffaellism, as all compositions in this manner are constituted of *minutiae*. Paton has never professed Pre-Raffaellism, but his picture, “Home,” combines breadth and finish with a feeling that the new school would do well to imitate. In bygone years we have protested against the abuse of Don Quixote, and the Vicar of Wakefield: they have disappeared from the scene, but there is no improvement—we seem rather to have receded. Dr. Primrose and the knight of the rueful countenance are succeeded by a vapid sentimentality and the most commonplace vulgarity. If a novel and telling subject be exhibited by one painter, it is dwelt upon by others for years afterwards. Incident and accident of the most ordinary kind are elaborated with a care which, applied to a worthy subject, must result in a first-class picture. We are weary of theatrical rusticity and improbable vagabondism, cottage scenery and prim-looking charity-girls. It is true that the public have bought largely of these things; but then the public in matters of Art are not their own keepers,—yet it appears that it rests solely with them to raise the standard of subject-matter, if painters will not make any effort at self-instruction.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of “THE ART-JOURNAL.”

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

[We have received the following letter on this subject. By our notice of last month may be seen how entirely we differ from the writer of it. We deem his proposal visionary, nevertheless we insert it—considering it one of the duties of our Journal to afford an open arena for the discussion of such subjects.]

SIR,—In the *Art-Journal* of this month (August), in your article concerning the National Gallery, and its removal (which you advocate) to the Gore Estate, Kensington, the question is put, “Where, if it be not to go thither, shall it go?” *A propos* of this question, I address to you the following remarks; and if they be given in a somewhat roundabout way, I hope you will excuse it.

“Are our Art-institutions to be central or suburban?” appears to be a question that will soon again occupy the attention of Government. As an abstraction there appears to me but little doubt as to the reply. If Art is to enter into the heart of the people of this great metropolis, it is not to be effected by removing it to the outskirts. If benefiting the people be an object, by affording them all those civilising and intellectual and refining advantages derivable from the contemplation of fine works of Art; and if benefiting Art be also an object, by accustoming the people to the delights of it, and rendering it more a necessity to them than it is now, evidently such a site as would offer to the people and the pictures the readiest facilities for being together would be the best.

Charing Cross is now very nearly the centre of London, as a glance on the map will show, and it is from this point that it has been proposed to remove the national pictures to the beautiful suburb of Kensington. A reason presented for this is the evils they suffer from the smoke of London. Now the smoke will eventually either be done away with by artificial means or it will not. If it be done away with, which there are excellent reasons for believing the ingenuity of man will ere long effect, the great argument for the removal of the pictures equally vanishes; and if it be not done away with, London is so rapidly increasing to the westward that in a

few short years, perhaps by the time the new arrangements are completed (for the pace of Government proceedings is well known), the smoke will have overtaken the pictures again in their new site! I am not a believer, at all to the extent that has been alleged, in the destructive influences of smoke; but I would rather have all the pictures covered with glass, as some of them already are, where the people should have facilities for visiting them, than uncovered—as is undoubtedly the best mode of exhibiting oil-paintings—where but a tithe of the same numbers would ever go to visit them.

I am for the centralisation of Art, but not for its centralisation on the edge of London. I am for its centralisation in the centre of London, where I would have not only the national works of painting and sculpture, but also all those Government institutions of Art which are connected with the Board of Trade—viz., the central schools of design and museums of ornamental art. I do not say under one roof or under one management, but I hold that all these departments of Art, as associated in elements and objects—those of improving the tastes of the people—should not be far separated in situation, but be so placed in regard to each other as to be visited and consulted, whether for pleasure or study, by an easy transition. The more, indeed, they might seem to belong to each other the better,—as in itself involving a useful lesson much wanted here, that all these various departments are but higher and lower branches of the same great Art tree.

Now for the site. We have consulted the map once, let us do so again. You see Charing Cross, with its adjacent buildings, is situated on the *outside* of an angle of the Thames. What is situated on the *inside* of this angle?—I mean on the opposite—“the Borough” side of the water. Let us cross Hungerford Bridge, and see. Why, with the exception of a few wharves, warehouses, and manufactories, on the edge of the Thames, the space comprised between this portion of the bank of the river and the South-western Rail contains but a mass of small houses, tumbledown property, and waste ground. Moreover, see how the bridges of Westminster, Hungerford, Waterloo, Blackfriars, Southwark, and London, all converge to this spot, offering direct routes for transit hither, and rendering it more really the centre of London than any other spot. Some of us hardly, I believe, contemplate the Borough side of the town as in truth belonging to London, nor associate it in idea with anything but manufactories and warehouses; but, in an Art point of view, let them be assured that no spot on the river affords so fine a view of our magnificent metropolis and its various river attractions,—the new Houses of Parliament among them,—as is presented by this exact locality, as any one may verify any clear day at the farther end of Hungerford Bridge.

It is this spot which I would suggest to be occupied by British Art, with all her varied national treasures of tasteful instruction of that character. It is in this angle of the noble Thames that I would house them, and in such architectural accommodations and on such a terraced elevation as not only to command the finest river-view in London, but to offer equal beauties in turn to the London bank, and to the bridges, over which such ceaseless tides of population are continually pouring. Here should be located the government central school and museums of ornamental art, whose teachings are practically and more directly addressed to the manufacturing population, to whom such a situation for the consulting of their treasures as would enable them to visit them in an unoccupied hour or so, would be a vast boon. And here, too, should be the sister collections of painting and sculpture, and all which to them belongs; and here should be lecture halls for the people, where they might hear explained the principles on which the benefit of these things depend.

But this is not all that occurs to me. The contemplation of this site for British Art, and its neighbourhood to Charing Cross, leads at once to the vision of the vast advantage that might be taken of all this to endow London, at this central point, with a wide, expanded, free space, analogous to that of the Place de la Concorde, at Paris, opening out and introducing one bank of our great metropolis to the other, and the river to both. It is this mutuality that gives a great charm to this spot in Paris,—the Louvre and the St. Germain’s side, and the river and the old city, all forming the *ensemble*.

The advantage to Paris of the great opening of the Place de la Concorde cannot be over-estimated. I would suggest another such in London—uniting the two sides of our metropolis to our great river at its best point. For this it would be requisite for Government to occupy the before-mentioned portion of the Borough side which is comprised between the angle made by the river

at that end of Hungerford Bridge, and that portion of the South-western Railway which is near the Waterloo Station, and to lay this area out into a wide esplanade, with the requisite Art buildings. Also, to remove all the buildings between Charing Cross and the Thames where they most nearly approach, opening out that square to the river, and, in fine, to connect the two banks by such a bridge, or series of bridging edifices, as would, no doubt, under the hands of our architects, produce the grandest architectural passage of a river the world has yet seen.

Sir Robert Peel is said to have characterised Trafalgar Square as the noblest site in Europe! what would it be then? And think what a *lungs* it would be to London! The old town might draw in a long breath at the very thoughts of it! Government might then let the Royal Academy have the whole of that building of which they have now barely half, which would enable them, I hope, to rectify most of their present shortcomings; and across the water at either end of one great square, our academic Fine Arts would have in sight the cognate establishments of our national Art-treasures, and also of our schools and museums of ornament applied to trade, manufactures, and commerce. This would be real centralisation!

My letter has drawn out so long that I will not go into any details; but I shall be very ready, if it interest at all yourself or your readers, to fill up the sketch somewhat more at a future time.

I am, sir, yours, &c.,

W. L., A LOVER OF ART.

[We think our correspondent had better be content with the "sketch" he has sent; the "filling up" satisfactorily, even to himself, we fancy, he would find a difficult task. Many a pen-and-ink sketch will not "paint;" and there is no severer test to a visionary scheme than to pin its author down to a completion of its details.

We acknowledge readily that an open expanse in the centre of London would be an advantage to it. Thus far, and no further, can we go with our correspondent. But as regards the special subject on which he hangs his observations—viz., "the location of the National Gallery," nothing can be wider of the mark than the point he indicates. The immediate propinquity of the Thames (which forms such an element in his plan), in its present state, with its villanous variety of exhalations, would certainly be no advantage to the national pictures, which are considered with justice to be injured by even the atmosphere of their present site. Our correspondent is very hopeful as to the speedy doing away of smoke—we wish we had grounds for a similar faith! Our views as to the proper site for our treasures of Art are already before the public; and the objections of our correspondent are mainly anticipated and answered in our article of last month. We will just now, therefore, add little more on this subject; yet we would assure our correspondent that, unresponsive as our houses of legislature usually are to the calls and interests of Art, they are not so indifferent to them as for a moment to entertain the idea of placing our national pictures amid the fetid steams of bone and hide warehouses, or manufactories of pyroligneous acid and vitriol.

Notwithstanding the success of Lord Elio's motion in the House of Commons, and the report of a committee which we are to look for in consequence, the Art-buildings will be erected at Kensington Gore!

All the arguments put forward have failed to carry conviction that this site—Kensington Gore—is not, all things considered, the best. Indeed, there has been no attempt to point out any other, except that which is still more distant from the heart of the metropolis—Kensington Gardens. Surely we may lay some stress on the fact that the large amount of space at Kensington Gore is bought and paid for—a moiety of its cost having been met by the surplus fund of the memorable year 1851—a great fact!

The delay caused by the proceedings of the House of Commons is much to be deplored; it will do some mischief, but no possible good; for, of a surety, the result will be—when certain meetings have taken place, a score or two of witnesses have been examined, and the proceedings carefully printed—the issuing of a report recommending Parliament to proceed to erect buildings at Kensington Gore, for the erection of which annual grants will be moved for and voted.—ED. A. J.]

THE ANTECEDENTS OF OUR CABINET AND ORNAMENTAL BRONZES.

A MOST prolific school of Art is the French quasi-sculptural; that which teems with little bronzes of every imaginative form and character—at least, those productions which are good-naturedly called in the mass "bronzes"—heroic, poetic, eccentric, cinquecento, Renaissance—everything. The cradle of their earliest manner was Nuremberg; but the crisp and hirsute curiosities of the progress of the art have nothing in common with the sober dignities of Peter Vischer and Veit Stoss. The Nuremberg bronze art of the last quarter of the fifteenth and the first quarter of the sixteenth century is one thing—the bronze art of the present day is another: and yet the latter has marked relations with the former. Our memories of Nuremberg are refreshed by Kugler in an article in the *Kunstblatt*, though we cannot assent to all his conclusions: we have never been able to divest ourselves of an opinion, deliberately formed, that the present period of German Art is not its most admirable epoch—certainly not that by which its earlier stages are to be criticised. What a deep impression does the St. Sebald monument, by Vischer, leave upon the mind of every lover of Art! he is struck with wonder at the amount of the artist's information—for in those days the means and appliances of Art were few and limited. It is true that he has worked rather from his feeling than from any fundamental knowledge of those early principles of the Gothic, which were gradually developed from the classic traditions that in Italy had begun to reign paramount. The entire construction of the tabernacle which encloses the reliquarium of St. Sebald is essentially Gothic, and the somewhat obtuse pyramidal coronals remind us of the very earliest Gothic; while the capitals, basements, &c., suggest all the licences of the Renaissance, and the compositions which accompany the figures recall Dürer's colossal wood carving in honour of the Emperor Max. It is thus curious to contemplate the variety of style, and even the infirmities of taste which prevail in this and other contemporary works; but we pass at once from complaints to well-merited admiration, even of the manner in which these influences are expressed. The statuettes of the apostles on the columns of the tabernacle, and the smaller ones of the prophets, evidence an inclination to the older types of the German style; and it is not at all difficult to understand this, when we remember the tyranny of manner in the execution of figures at this time. In the reliefs from the holy legend is traceable a certain classical freedom and beauty; and in the decorative compositions of a symbolical and ideal kind, the artist reveals in that naturalism which declared itself in a manner so pronounced at the epoch of the Renaissance—this is especially seen in the draped female figures of this monument, and also in Vischer's allegorical designs descriptive of the Reformation. The same predilection is obvious in the numerous figures of children which enter into the composition, both in the upper and lower parts, and these are qualified by a captivating simplicity. The mythic decorative figures are very attractive, as possessing in full force the charm of the Renaissance—the most felicitous being the syren-like torch-bearers at the corners of the tabernacle, which are amongst the most original conceptions that could under such circumstances be realised. With respect to mechanical execution, that still bears the mark of the modelling-tool, inasmuch as to have left the work in some degree rough; but the greater part is distinguished by much original freshness and decision of touch. By no means the least remarkable feature of this great work is the manner in which it is put together, composed as it is of an infinity of minute parts. The resemblance already mentioned to certain of the works of Dürer may be further traced in the treatment of the nude, and in the introduction of a classical element. Thus not only is the degree of relationship between these artists declared, but also their respective differences, for Dürer does not participate in that disposition to Germanism so manifest in the peculiarities of this work. The beautiful Romhild monument is attributed to Peter Vischer, but it is evidently the production of different artists; and if Vischer had any share in the work, it extended

perhaps no farther than the bronze casting. There are also among the monuments in the Cathedral at Bamberg tombstones with the figures of prelates and bronze bas-reliefs, which are attributed to Peter Vischer; and it is satisfactorily shown that two of them are of Nuremberg execution—that of the Bishop Henry IV., and that of George II.; the latter cast after a drawing by the Bamberg artist Wolfgang Katzheimer; but inasmuch as this work is not to be compared with the St. Sebald's monument, it cannot be supposed that Vischer prepared the models. The ornamentation is of much beauty, but the figures are deficient in animation and artistic feeling. Portions of the monument of the Elector John Cicero, in the cathedral at Berlin, which are contemporary with these works, are infinitely superior in execution; so that even this composition, which was certainly cast by Vischer, is also doubted, on very plausible grounds, to have been a production of this master. But the reputation of this artist rests upon his Nuremberg works: his friends do his memory no service in attributing to him others with which his name may be associated only as to the bronzing. We cannot quit Nuremberg for any of the merely probable sites of monuments attributed to the St. Sebald's artist. And by the way, who was St. Sebald? we only know that this was his resting-place, and the scene of his miracles; he was canonized only in 1370, and immortalised by Vischer in 1519. But we cannot think of Nuremberg without remembering also other stars of that constellation that has now for more than three centuries shone with a steady light on the world of Art. Despite its mingled histories, we cannot withhold our most honest applause from the beautiful fountain by the Rupprechts and Schönhof; there are sixteen admirable figures—let them be, if you will, the Electors of Mayence, Treves, Cologne, Bohemia, the Palatinate, Brandenburg, and Saxony; and let the rest be Joshua, David, Judas Maccabæus, Hector, Alexander, Julius Caesar, with Charlemagne and others—a society selected with a singular predilection for fighting men; but there they are, figures that we have recognised in all the Art-capitals of Europe, and with whom we have established a nodding acquaintance. Then there are the nude Virtues at the fountain in the Lorenzplatz, as old as the latter part of the sixteenth century; and then the famous Gänsemännchen, in the fruit-market, with a goose under each arm—everybody knows this most original figure, but nobody knows the name of the artist—most singular that the name of a public work so celebrated should be lost! It is not surprising that the author of a picture, which is private property, should be forgotten in its passage through the hands of many possessors; but (*parvum magno componere*) Cologne Cathedral and the Gänsemännchen are two curious examples of public forgetfulness. Of Veit Stoss, Adam Krafft, Wohlgemuth, and others, it is unnecessary to speak at any length; we have instanced enough for our purpose, which is to point out the excellence of the Nuremberg school, as abounding with material, not only for small bronze-work, but for metal compositions of any scale. Continually do we recognise the old guild figures from the walls of Florence (excellent for costume), only reproduced; and continually do we meet with some or other of these figures from Nuremberg undisguisedly as originals in modern works. This is not the use that an artist of any calibre at all makes of the productions of the great masters: they should be employed as stimulants and correctives. We cannot help admiring the excellence of the casting of the numberless minute objects which are now produced in metal, but we cannot in an equal degree praise generally the subjects which are adopted for execution. All these productions are of foreign manufacture; many are indeed admirable—those which are really artistic; but all persons of taste must deem otherwise of those which are merely mercantile. The Germans have carried zinc and iron castings to great perfection: and for large productions and copies, these casts are very effective—but at present we have seen few of them in this country. It is much to be regretted that there is among ourselves no enterprise in small bronzes; when this does arise, and we think that it must soon, it is much to be desired that, instead of the ultra-grotesque, our artists will essay something of the earnest nature-worship of our old and inestimable friend, Peter Vischer, of immortal memory.

HERALDRY MAY HAVE MEANING!

HERALDRY may be considered now by some as a merely decorative display, adopted by families for distinction alone, and being without import or any rational indicativeness. But this could not have always been the case with the "blazon of arms;" for if its usage had no more purpose than is now often applied to the art, its use would have died out long ago. Scholars have from time to time found in heraldic history an important branch of archaeology; and in times not very remote it was made auxiliary to family records, and the better determining of descents and alliances. Some of these heraldic histories would, if recited, be found curious and entertaining at least, if not instructive also; but, passing these more gravely industrious applications of heraldry into other hands, permit it be stated that some of the legends conveyed in blazons are romantic, others are classical, and a still larger number are poetical and pleasing enough to engage attention for a brief while; and as a filling up of some minutes with at least one of the pleasant relaxations of literary leisure.

Many persons now adopt crests and coats-of-arms; would it not then be a step in literary progress if the meaning of these signs became somewhat of a living language to those who use them; and that the pictures chosen, or assumed, should again speak to the mind as well as to the eye, as they probably did to those who displayed coats-of-arms formerly?

PRACTICAL PURPOSES OF HERALDIC DEVICES.—It is found convenient to have a crest stamped on family plate, so as to identify it as property. Those who have carriages mark them with some emblem of this kind, to discriminate the ownership of the vehicle in a crowd. Many have their arms, or crest, printed neatly on paper, so as to be able to paste them into books, or put them on other portable property, which is done more conveniently than painting or writing names on them; these and other domestic uses for heraldic marks will be easily remembered; but family history may be sometimes helped out by heraldry; a tradition may by this key be turned into probability, or a probability may assume the consistency of facts.

AN HISTORICAL APPLICATION.—I had often heard that Bandon, the town of my nativity, was colonised by English settlers brought there by the great Earl of Cork; and as my family had been manufacturers in that town for a period as long as tradition ran, I, in the year 1827, asked Sir William Betham, Ulster King-at-Arms, whether there were any armorial bearings known to belong to the name of Dowden. Sir William made a regular search, and with friendly politeness handed to me a copy of the crest and shield of "Dowding, of Somersetshire," now "Dowden," of Bandon, county of Cork. Its description is:—"*Crest*—A catherine-wheel, azure. *Shield*—Argent, on a chevron Gules, bearing three fleurs-de-lis Or, between three doves of the second."* The motto superadded is, "Fide et Fervore." Now to give a meaning to these emblems. First, the crest—the catherine-wheel. The indication of some form of martyrdom is very usual in heraldic types, but this form of its infliction is among the least frequent. Saint Catherine, her legend says, was by the pagans immolated to their gods, and the instrument of her torture and death was a wheel armed with sharp knives; this wheel and its cruel blades being of steel, the steel, whitish-blue tint is the metal colour of this indication of suffering and endurance. This is our nearest history of the catherine-wheel; but if we go back to times antecedent to Christian martyrology, we find legendary lore connected with the "rota," or wheel, which has a less painful translation and import: mythological meaning, and classical characteristics, are revealed from its use. The wheel, we find, was one of Minerva's chosen emblems. We know that the wise goddess was a great spinner; indeed, somewhat too jealous of that art, and of her textile

tectonics, we remember how, with a blow of her shuttle, she "knocked the conceit" out of her rival in that Fine Art, and made poor Arachne into a spider, thus dooming her, for her daring, to "work at the web" for ever. Now as spinning is the pre-eminence of weaving, weavers claim high patronage—indeed, no less than that of Minerva herself; and as tradition in the family of the Dowdens says that they were weavers long ago, and modern fact declares that their descendants, the Dowdens, did not disgrace the continuance, or leave the patriarchal caste, that family may claim the wheel of Minerva as their emblem, having for a couple of centuries followed in their manufacturing manipulations the "art and mystery" of the goddess. A few other families also claim "a wheel" as their crest; be it then the spinning-wheel, it is the kindest key to their history, and I present to them freely this modicum of intelligence, with its honours and its pleasures; the dignity of which is not severely limited to hand-cunning, but points out the protecting influence of the patroness of mind-wisdom as well. And now can any one desire a higher feather in his cap than that which may surmount a catherine-wheel crest in front of it? Again for awhile returning from the blue-eyed goddess Minerva, we come to our christianised mythism, and find all the appellatives of Pallas revived and continued in St. Catherine of Alexandria. This lady was the patroness saint of intellectual philosophy; she disputed in "the schools," and is in her pictured history represented as putting no less than fifty log-machies to silence! Surely this was a vigorous put forth of the disputations powers possessed by a lady saint. Brande, the antiquary, tells us in his "History of Popular Antiquities" something about her consequent beneficences as follows:—

"St. Catherine favours learned men,
And gives them wisdom hie;
And teacheth the resolving doubts,
And always yieldeth aide.
Against the scolding sophister
To make the reason staid."

So that we find wisdom and spinning have long been associated, and this successor of Minerva, in the curious old book called the "World of Wonders," is styled "St. Catherine, the Protectress of both Art and Science."

The floral distinction of St. Catherine is the well-known annual, with the blue blossom and extended calyx, made up of rays or filaments of green, somewhat resembling a cluster of thorns. Here we have the Catherine-flower, with its true-blue blossom, showing *constancy*, which persists for its time, although beset and encircled with these apparently thorny difficulties. The scientific name of the genus to which this flower belongs does not assist the legend in any way—*Nigella* only telling us of its black seeds; but the name "*Damascena*," which distinguishes the species botanically, turns our recollection to Damascus as one of its habitats, takes us in thought to the early crusading struggles for the possession of "the Holy Land;" and thus we find our flower within the series of badges proper to floral ecclesiastical ornamentation. These notes seem to contain the principal matters connected with the heraldic catherine-wheel; we take leave of that portion of the subject, and, following out the attempt to read heraldic history, the shield comes to be described in its import. The three doves are presented "Gules," or tinted in one of the shades of red, the colour of the African and Portuguese doves—"the collared turtles," tamed birds which our Crusaders probably knew familiarly; we describe these, a little out of their order in succession, but as animals are more noble than plants, we give them place and precedence. Doves have much emblematic significance, but all in keeping with the same series of sentiments. They appear constantly in ecclesiastical imagery, and are introduced in various religious rites. In some cases the living bird itself, and in others representations of it, have been made emblematic in ancient and in modern ceremonies. The introduction of this bird on a shield under a crest, in memorial of St. Catherine, is appropriate—for the doves suggest the patient and pure endurance attributed to that martyr. There are, we know, much more lofty imaginings which the religious history of the dove conveys, but we appropriate only its less solemn indications, and use them merely to portray human feeling. We may also glance at their mythological considerations, and remember

that these birds were the equipage of Venus; as they were chosen to draw the Queen of Love down to earth, they became emblems of her attributes, and remain dedicated to her, and the feelings of which she was the promoter and accredited patroness. The doves have always retained this attribute, for it was those with the flesh-coloured breast plumage that our own Shakspeare made to portray extremely affectionate gentleness in "Hamlet;" he makes the queen say—

"Anon as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are disclosed,
His silence will sit drooping."

Classical history, through Ælian and Tibullus, tells that doves delivered oracles in the forests of Dodona; this story might associate them with the wheel emblem of the goddess of wisdom; but as it would be rather a severe kind of duty to impose on the messengers of Cytherea, we shall not dwell on it further.

We now come to the flowers on the shield—the fleurs-de-lis, or, as they have been read, fleurs-de-lis; these appear "Or"—in gold, the nearest metallic colour, and they are the well-known showy yellow iris, or flag lily of all our marshes. To adapt this plant as the heraldic flower of the French nation, when under the Bourbon dynasty, the derivation of its name was made arbitrarily to be from "fleur de St. Louis," and fleur-de-lis was adopted as its abbreviation; but an origin of its name from its fine showiness, "fleur delices"—a delighting flower, is more applicable, and possesses the universality of meaning proper to a plant which is very generally distributed, and is not at all limited to the decoration of wild nature in France. The classical history of our plant tells us that its "deliciousness" was sufficient to induce Juno Matrix, when nursing the infant Mars, to delight his young godship with it. The Queen of Olympus holds it in her royal hand during that pleasing time of royalty. Shakspeare also introduces it in its Gallic symbolism, when he makes King Henry V. pronounce it so doubtfully in a love question to his foreign love, that the French lady, Catherine, coquets a little, and pretends not to understand him; the king says, "What sayest thou, my fair flower-de-luce?" and she replies archly, "I know not dat;" however, they soon understood this much of the language of flowers. But elsewhere Shakspeare, true to nature and observation, gives to this plant its due English habitat from his memory, when he describes a garland thus, in the "Winter's Tale:"—

"Lilies of all kinds, the flower-de-luce being one."

And although the pretty Perdita who wreathed the flowers was a Bohemian maiden, the flower-de-luce was presented to our poet's observation in his own England. Spenser too, in his melodious stanzas, sings of this strikingly handsome wild flower as follows:—

"The lily, lady of the flowering field,
The flower-de-luce her lovely paramour,
Bid thee to them the fruitless labours yield,
And some leave off this toilsome weary stour;
Loe! loe! how brave she decks her bounteous bow'r,
With silken curtains and gold coverlets,
Wherein to shroud her sumptuous belamour;
Yet neither cards nor spins, nor cares nor frets,
But to her mother Nature all her care she lets."

There could be much more gathered to give to our iris poetical and legendary position, and that too as an heraldic armorial bearing, but my purpose is merely to show what might be done in readings of heraldry, I need not exhaust this subject. But I hope I have by this time succeeded in showing that heraldry has its history and its poetry; that formerly it was not held to be an idle, arbitrary, and incongruous agroupment of monstrous distortions, but was intended to convey a mind and a meaning when investigated and displayed. If other persons who have access to heraldic history would seek to unravel its blazonry, there can be no doubt that the reading of these pictorial rebuses aright would afford many pleasant pages in mediæval literature.

It is in this view—and with this hope—these remarks have been offered to the reader; and the writer will be largely rewarded if it be his good fortune to draw attention to the subject, and induce its consideration in the light he has attempted to supply.

RICHARD DOWDEN (RICHARD).

RATH-LEE, COBK.

* The chevron which supports the shield, in heraldry, is generally a well understood part of the armature, and is in heraldry called "a common ordinary;" but as some readers may not like the trouble of learning its meaning, it may be noticed here that it is intended to represent two rafters in the roof of a building—*V*: it indicates sustentation or support, and assumes competent stability in a house or family which can show or produce "a chevron proper."

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE Prize Exhibition of the Art-Union of London was opened on the ninth of last month with a catalogue of one hundred and fifty-nine works, of which thirty-six are in water-colour. The highest prize, of the value of 200*l.*, was Hering's picture from the British Institution, 'Old Bridge near Pella, Piedmont'; the next, of the value of 150*l.*, is, 'Shades of Autumn,' by A. W. Williams; those of 100*l.* are—'Streatley Mill, on the Thames,' a 'Summer's Noon,' H. J. Boddington; 'On the Conway, Caernarvonshire,' H. B. Willis; 'Loch Long,' G. Cole; and 'The Mid-day Meal,' H. B. Willis. Of the value of 75*l.* there are four prizes—'The Weald of Sussex—Chantoubury Downs in the Distance,' G. Cole; 'The Hotel de Ville, Brussels,' W. Callow, a water-colour drawing; 'Oyster-Dredging off the Mumbles' Head,' E. Duncan, also in water-colour; 'The Town of Cochem, on the Moselle—Winneberg Castle in the Distance,' V. Cole. Of the value of 60*l.* there are ten prizes, and all the others are below that amount. As we have seen and have already noticed the best of the works in this selection—although many of them look better than they did in the positions from which they have been removed—it is not necessary to re-examine them; we may mention, however, some of the most meritorious of those that have been chosen. Besides those already named there are—'Bianca'—The Taming of the Shrew, F. S. Cary; 'A River-Bit, North Wales,' J. Dearle; 'A Summer's Morning, North Wales,' H. J. Boddington; 'Dean Swift and the Messenger,' T. P. Hall; 'Cottages at Pyrford, Surrey,' F. W. Hulme; 'Near Coniston, Cumberland,' J. F. Hardy; 'Sunny Moments,' F. W. Hulme; 'The Deer Park,' H. Jutsum; 'Shades of Autumn,' Alfred W. Williams; 'Swaledale,' J. Peel; 'Scene from the Gentle Shepherd,' W. Underhill; 'Moel Sabod, from near Brynrych, North Wales,' F. W. Hulme; 'Trellis Vine on the Lake of Lugano, North Italy,' W. W. Fenn; 'A Bright Day on the Thames,' J. Dearle; 'A Favourite Retreat, North Wales,' F. W. Hulme; 'Medmenham Abbey, on the Thames—Summer Evening,' H. J. Boddington; 'On the Brook, Vale Pengwern, North Wales,' P. Deakin; 'A Farm Pond,' J. Stark; 'A Somersetshire Lane, near Bristol,' G. Fripp; 'The Passing Cloud,' E. G. Warren; 'Summer Shade,' E. G. Warren; 'The Homestead,' C. Davidson, &c. Thus the bulk of the selections are landscape, and many that we have not mentioned are inferior in quality. Having seen what is, and has been, done by another similar institution—the Glasgow Art-Union—we cannot think the plan still pursued by the London Art-Union works well—that of confiding the selection of the works to the taste and judgment of the prizeholders. The figure pictures are few; none approach a high tone of didactic sentiment, and they bear an insignificant proportion to the number of mediocre landscapes. We should not have been led to make these observations, but that the Exhibition of the Glasgow Art-Union shows that it is not only not impossible, but that it is easy, to procure productions of high class. We have had some experience in counselling prizeholders, and we have generally found that in their eyes the *largest* picture at a given value was always considered the best. We have watched carefully every exhibition, from the foundation of the institution in 1837, and know that a lengthy catalogue of low class painters speculate in works for prizeholders, and generally succeed in disposing of them. It is not the intention of the institution to foster, year after year, Art deficient of all promise. We do not wish to be unduly harsh, but it is necessary to be just; we can point to the works, in this exhibition, of artists who, though without reputation as painters, are in sufficiently easy circumstances—a tolerably prosperous condition of life, accomplished by means from which men of real talent would shrink. It is not our purpose to go into any analytical comparison of the results effected by the two institutions, but we cannot help mentioning one fact, which is, that while the Art-Union of London purchases pictures to the amount of only 6440*l.*, the Art-Union of Glasgow expends 7990*l.* The plates for the ensuing year will be 'The Piper,' engraved by Mr. E. Goodall, after the picture of that title by F. Goodall, A.R.A., and 'The Clemency of Cœur-de-Lion,' engraved by

Mr. Sheuton from Cross's picture, which it will be remembered was exhibited at Westminster Hall during the competitions for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament; and for a future year a series of wood-engravings from the best pictures of deceased British artists are under the superintendence of W. J. Linton. It cannot be doubted, if these are judiciously selected, this last will be a work of much interest. An arrangement has been entered into with the Etching Club for a volume of etchings. The works of that society are always of high merit; this, therefore, may be earnestly looked forward to. In addition to the pictures, the distribution comprehended also eleven bronzes of 'Her Majesty on Horseback,' five bronzes in relief of 'The Duke of Wellington Entering Madrid,' thirty iron vases, twenty porcelain statuettes—'The Stepping Stones,' fifty porcelain statuettes—'The Dancing Girl Reclining,' thirty-four porcelain busts—'Clytie,' forty silver medals of Flaxman, and thirty other medals, also silver, of Vanburgh. Of 'The Supper Scene' there were five hundred lithographed impressions, and of 'Tyndale Translating the Bible,' two hundred and fifty mezzotint impressions. Examples of all these works are added to the exhibition, and many are admirable in execution.

THE GLASGOW ART-UNION.

THE prize pictures of the Art-Union of Glasgow are exhibited in the gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society, in Pall Mall East. It appears to be the policy of this society to exhibit their selection in certain of the principal towns of the kingdom, and being now located "next door" to the temporary abiding place of the prizes of the Art-Union of London, the collection of the northern society appears to great advantage, as far transcending the collection of the metropolitan institution. The number of pictures is two hundred and eight, among which are many works of a very high degree of merit. The first prize, of 400*l.*, is 'Conquered, but not subdued,' by Thomas Faed; the next, of 367*l.* 10*s.*, is a 'Landscape and Figures,' by Creswick and Ansdell; then follow a 'Highland Deer Forest, Isle of Skye,' 350*l.*, R. McCulloch; 'The Graces and the Loves,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A., 350*l.*; 'The Infant School in a Country Church,' R. M'Innes, 250*l.*; 'Storm on a Highland Coast—Ben Blavon, Isle of Skye,' H. McCulloch, R.S.A., 200*l.*; 'Burns in Edinburgh, 1786,' W. Johnston, R.S.A., 200*l.*; 'The Kiosk—Lalla Rookh,' F. Wyburd, 200*l.*; 'Cottage Window,' R. Gavin, 150*l.*; 'Isola di San Giulio—Lago d'Orta, Piedmont,' G. E. Hering, 150*l.*; 'Ye Lymnere his Dreame,' E. H. Corbould, 150*l.*; 'Whew! caught again!' E. Nicol, A.R.S.A., 130*l.*; 'Summer Trophies,' J. Sant, 126*l.*, &c. &c. This selection must be unhesitatingly pronounced the best that has ever been exhibited by any Art-Union Society, inasmuch as it contains pictures which have done honour to the collections in which they have been shown, and many others which have never been before seen by the public—works that have been commissioned immediately from the artists, and transferred from their respective studios to the walls of the room in which they now hang. The first prize, 'Conquered, but not subdued,' by Faed, we have not before seen; it is a subject from cottage life, the unsubdued one being a ragged barefooted urchin, who, for some unexplained misdemeanour, has been placed in the corner against the wall by his mother, who sits calmly peeling potatoes for the mid-day meal. The brother and sister of the delinquent are indulging in pleasantries at his disgrace, which he fiercely threatens to avenge when an opportunity shall present itself. The figures are very intelligibly characterised. The whole is a triumph in expression; and the nicest balance prevails throughout the composition. The cottage is a reality, not overdone with furniture and utensils—there is space for the figures, and they have room to move. It is a production of a very high degree of merit; but we must confess some regret at seeing such an amount of labour bestowed on a subject which is comparatively worthless as an excitant of any wholesome emotion. Wikie has had a thousand followers, but

he has yet far distanced every one. The 'Landscape and Figures,' by Creswick and Ansdell, is a large picture, a composition in which the painter of the landscape introduces a windmill—that which has already appeared in some of his recent works. It is an open composition, presenting a breadth of light—an effect not frequently painted by the artist. A shallow river occupies nearly the whole of the nearest section, in which a group of farm-horses have stopped to drink while passing the ford. The picture is marked "unfinished," we cannot, therefore, tell what final treatment it may be subjected to; but it can only be observed that it wants point, which will doubtlessly be communicated to it when again returned to the easel. The 'Girl at the Mountain Well,' by Sant, is a life-size half-length of extreme simplicity, the features being endowed with a quality of expression far above the level of a rustic drudge. The commonplace costume is most skillfully concealed by a piece of drapery, which in its turn is rendered unobtrusive by subdued colour—this art is fully understood by the painter. The other work by the same artist is 'Summer Trophies,' presenting a child in a sylvan retreat, busied with the Flora of the leafy wilderness. She has decorated her head with a coronal of poppies, and is further occupied in forming bouquets of a variety of wild flowers. This picture forms a striking contrast to the other, being full of colour, while the other is entirely without it. Another work which has not been exhibited is 'Homeward Bound,' by J. W. Carmichael. The subject is a transport off Gibraltar, apparently returning from the Black Sea. The rig and sailing of the vessel are beyond all praise; every rope and spar is in its place—indeed, we never see any marine subjects painted with such a knowledge of seamanship as the works of this artist. The movement and liquid depth of the water are strikingly real. 'The Crimean Story,' by Hugh Cameron, is the production of a painter whose works we have not before seen. The subject is a wounded soldier, returned from the scene of war, narrating his achievements to a small knot of wondering rustics. It is painted with a modesty rarely to be seen combined with so much talent. Among other works chosen by the society may be mentioned—'The Lynn Spout, near Dalry,' H. McCulloch, R.S.A.; 'Birk Craig, near Harrogate, Yorkshire,' George Stanfield; 'Sunshine and Showers,' H. Jutsum; 'French Interior,' Eliza Goodall; 'The Dancing Lesson,' R. T. Ross, A.R.S.A.; 'Ludlow Castle,' D. O. Hill, R.S.A.; 'A Woodland Pool,' B. Williams—a most careful study from nature. We must in conclusion observe of the Glasgow Art-Union, that its exhibitions have from the first been of a superior kind; and should the selections in years to come evince a proportionable degree of improvement, it must become the first institution of its class in the kingdom.

We record these opinions with a feeling akin to regret, for it is not pleasant to see the old society so effectually distanced by the new. But that such is the case is certain; and unless the Art-Union of London adopt some plan by which it may successfully compete with its rival, the result must inevitably be that Glasgow will receive the guineas of London. The evil—if evil it be—is very greatly enhanced by the fact that the two exhibitions are so near each other, that visitors to one will visit both, and the contrast between the strength of the one and the weakness of the other cannot fail to produce a prejudicial effect upon the interests of the Art-Union of London. If it be wisdom to "learn to be wise by others' harm," it is surely wise to imitate or to follow the excellences of which we have experience. During many years past we have been endeavouring to induce the Art-Union of London to appoint a committee of selection, if not of the whole, certainly of a part of their purchases. We say again, emphatically, "to this conclusion they must come at last." The earnest gratitude of the artists, and, indeed, of the community, is due to the Committee of the London Art-Union, and especially to its earnest and indefatigable secretaries: but they must advance—they must introduce those improvements of the value of which they have indisputable evidence "close at hand."

Much that is good has been done—and well done; but the time has arrived when a review of the constitution of the Art-Union of London is necessary to its existence.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE,

AS A TEACHER OF ART AND ART-MANUFACTURE.

PART III.

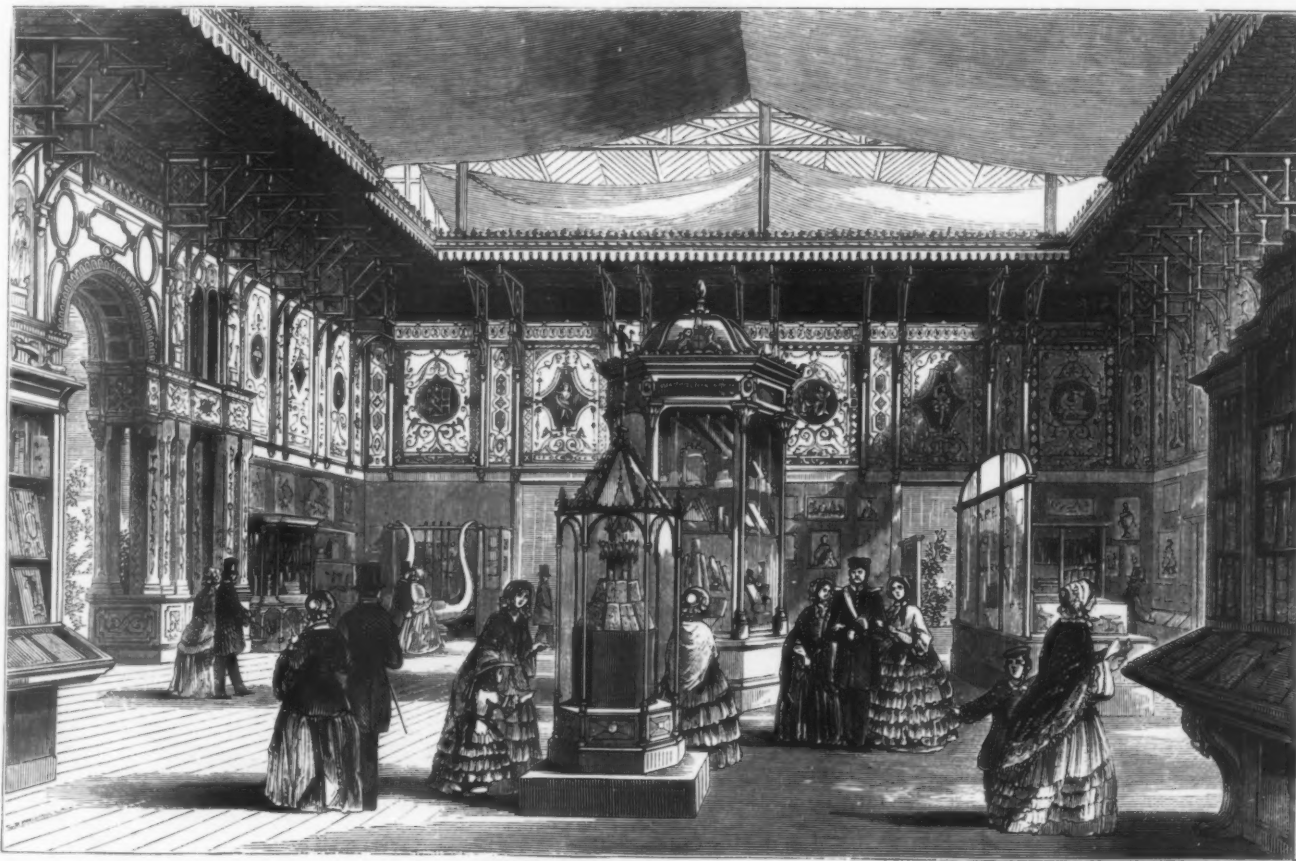
THE several Art-Courts are certainly advancing, although still very incomplete; that of Sheffield, to which we directed attention in the second part of this series, is now much more perfect than it has been: the cases are all full, and a statue emblematic of the town—the work of a native sculptor—occupies the centre, and has a very striking and agreeable effect; it is also a production of considerable merit. The Birmingham Court is by no means satisfactory. It was our intention to have treated this subject in our present number; we postpone this duty, however, in hopes of a better arrangement—by which we may be enabled to do justice to this great city of the most important branch of British Art-manufacture. If Birmingham be not fully represented by its manufacturers—who are numerous and powerful, and who can do much to uphold and extend its reputation—its fame is at all events amply sustained by the now eminent firm of Elkington and Mason; to their extensive and admirable collection we shall have chiefly to refer when we treat an always interesting and important subject—the produce and manufacture of Birmingham.

That we have now to bring under notice, is the STATIONERY COURT, which, indeed, contains no very large assemblage of Art-works, but which is in itself a very elegant construction. It was designed and erected by J. G. Crace; "the style is

composite, and may be regarded as the application of cinque-cento ornamental decoration to a wooden structure;" so at least says the guide-book. It has no pretensions to architecture of a pure order, but produces a good effect, and is undoubtedly a light and graceful erection, well suited to the purpose intended. "Over the opening through which we enter, and between the stained glass windows let into the wall, have been introduced allegorical figures of the Arts and Sciences applied to the manufacture of the articles exhibited in the Court; and over the opening at the back, the artist has depicted the genii of Manufacture, Commerce," &c. The interior walls of the Court are divided, in the upper portions, into panels; these have a ground-work of white colour, and borders of a deep morone, richly decorated with designs in gold; in the centre of each is a medallion, on which are represented Cupidons, engaged in one of the various mechanical and scientific arts having reference to paper, printing, engraving, &c.: the spaces between the compartments are of a rich blue colour, also decorated with patterns in gold. The ceiling—or what is presumed to be such, for, as in all the Courts, a part only stands for the whole—is supported by deep projecting beams, very light in construction, and having the form of pendants; they are painted in imitation of dark oak, the mouldings being picked out with gold and colours. Above each of the compartments or panels is a small panel, running horizontally, and of a blue ground, to harmonise with the intermediate upright panels alternating with the others. This Court, as its name indicates, contains examples of ornamental painting, fancy

stationery, drawing, specimens of chromo-lithography, photographs, and all the varied requirements of the writing-desk. The most striking object in this Court is, however, the stereoscope stand, in carved box-wood, the work of Mr. Rogers, executed for Mr. Claudet, and exhibited here by him. It was one of the most meritorious of British contributions to the Exhibition in Paris, but there obtained comparatively little notice among so many "matters more attractive;" placed where it now is, it can be seen to advantage. The general design of this work is by Mr. W. Harry Rogers; the architectural details having been supplied by Mr. Charles Barry. The height is about seven feet and a half: it is in the purest Italian style, as will be shown by the engravings of two of the panels, printed on the succeeding page. The form is hexagonal. As an example of wood carving, it has been rarely surpassed: and although used for the purpose of exhibiting the stereoscopic views of Mr. Claudet, there are few productions of modern Art which surpass this in merit.

Among the principal contents of the Court which will attract the notice of the visitor, we may mention a large ornamental case that stands in the centre,—it contains specimens of all kinds of useful and ornamental stationery, exhibited by Messrs. Waterlow and Sons; another large and elegantly arranged case of articles in papier maché, by Messrs. Spiers and Son, of Oxford; numerous examples of chromo-lithographic prints, by Messrs. Hanhart, and Messrs. Rowney and Co.; a number of specimens of Owen Jones's forthcoming work, "The Grammar of Ornament," printed by Messrs. Day and Son; a



THE STATIONERY COURT, CRYSTAL PALACE.

variety of Baxter's examples of printing in oil-colours; bookbinding by Mr. J. Leighton, and Messrs. Leighton, Son, and Hodge; water-colours and drawing materials of every description, by Messrs. Rowney and Co.; maps of the Ordnance Survey, &c. &c. The varied and pleasing character of the contributions to the Stationery Court cannot fail to invite attention.

Behind the Stationery Court, but connected with it by one of the entrances, are several collections of value; the passage which contains them, indeed,

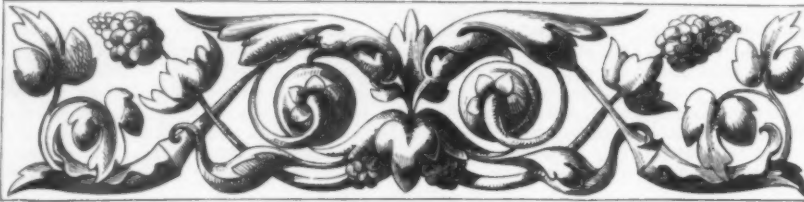
runs the whole length of the three Courts, that of Birmingham, that of Sheffield, and that under immediate notice; while on the opposite side are large apartments, fitted up and occupied by Messrs. Benham and Sons for stoves and ranges, Messrs. T. H. Filmer for household furniture, Messrs. Crace for church furniture, from the designs of Mr. Shaw, and other objects of less importance. The passage should be examined carefully, for here the visitor will find many works of merit,—such as the cast-iron of Messrs. Kennard; the inlaid tables, pillars, &c.,

of Mr. Stevens; the Cornish Serpentine vases, chimney-pieces, &c., exhibited by the London and Penzance Serpentine Company; the Matlock specimens of Mr. Smedley; monuments, vases, chimney-pieces, balconies, &c., of Ransome's patent siliceous stone; iron and brass door furniture of Messrs. Hart and Son; the patent Derbyshire stone-ware of Messrs. Bourne and Son, &c. &c., with a collection of works in terra-cotta, the manufacture of Mr. Blashfield, which we shall be hereafter called upon to notice more at length.

The group we introduce upon this page is from a variety of striking productions, contributed by ZIMMERMAN, of Frankfort, and manufactured by him at his famous establishment, situated a few miles from that great city. The works are all in cast-iron; but it will be by no means at once apparent that they are of the inferior metal; being generally coloured to imitate bronze, for which they may be easily mistaken. They are singularly sharp and clear, and exhibit skill in casting which we believe to be unrivalled, although the castings of Liege, of Paris (André), and Colebrooke Dale, are of great excellence. Certainly, in such minor utilities as those we have selected for engraving, there are none that rival the productions of the factory of M. Zimmerman. We had the pleasure to visit it about four years ago, and personally examined the several processes through which the iron passed. By a judicious overlooking of very skilful workmen these effects are pro-

duced, which the visitor will do well to examine, giving to iron almost the value of more costly

stands, wafer boxes, envelope cases, &c.; and these we have selected for engraving, together with one of the miniature mirrors, of which there are many of a very pleasing and striking character. We have not engraved any of the statuettes, although, perhaps, these are the more extraordinary productions of the factory. They will be mistaken for bronze by nine-tenths of those who examine them, until very carefully looked into, and even then the result will be by no means unsatisfactory. Several of them are scattered about the Stationery Court; others will be found in the Birmingham Court; while those of a more ordinary character are placed for sale in the north gallery. M. Zimmerman has also an establishment in the Strand; and the circulation of his productions, rendered accessible to all classes, will certainly contribute to elevate taste and promote enjoyment among those who covet such productions of Art as circumstances place beyond their reach.



frequently there is evidence of thought and originality; the best are those which are auxiliaries to the writing-table—inkstands, almet cases, candle-

tribute to elevate taste and promote enjoyment among those who covet such productions of Art as circumstances place beyond their reach.



THE CAST-IRON WORKS OF ZIMMERMAN, OF FRANKFORT.

We resume our notice of the CERAMIC COURT: it is, indeed, the only one of the Art-Courts that may be considered and described as complete, and, because of its interest and importance, our readers will expect that we treat it frequently and at length. Our comments on the other Courts are made less as reports than as inducements. We desire to see them receive that completeness which at present they are without, but the necessity for which, we trust, will be perceived by the leading manufacturers in the several localities which ought to be, and may be, duly and properly represented. The Ceramic Court, however, leaves us nothing to desire, unless it be a larger exhibition of modern works, the productions of existing British manufacturers. We are

well aware that Mr. Battam finds difficulties in this respect; of a surety the second class producers of porcelain and earthenware do not produce much that will not sadly "dwindle" beside the produce of old Dresden, old Sèvres, old Chelsea, and old "Wedgwood;" but there are not many of them who can contribute nothing worthy: a few really good works may be sent by nearly every manufacturer in Staffordshire: these should be sought for, sent, and exhibited; and Mr. Battam will not have properly finished his allotted task until this be done. We rejoice to know that the Ceramic Court has attracted universal attention; it is thronged daily, not alone by admiring, but by studious, groups: the productions of Minton, Copeland, and Kerr and Binns, excite ad-

miration equal to their deserts,—and that is saying much. Undoubtedly the result has been to elevate British Ceramic Art in public estimation, and to convince the most accomplished connoisseur that England in the nineteenth century need fear nothing in competition with France and Germany of the same epoch, although perhaps our recent productions fall short of those of a century ago, as much as do those of Dresden and Sèvres in comparison with their exquisite produce during their high and palmy days.

We have to announce the receipt of further loans of great value and importance. The co-operation which Mr. Battam has received from the possessors of many valuable collections fully evidences the interest

felt in the success of this exhibition. Indeed, offers of loans have been made beyond the capacity of the space now at disposal. These will remain available for a future opportunity, and thus secure a permanent and varied attraction. We have great pleasure in adding to the list we have already given of those who have so kindly and liberally placed their "fragile treasures" at the service of the Exhibition. His Grace the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE has furnished some valuable specimens of Chinese and Japanese porcelain, together with some fine examples of Sèvres.

LADY MOLESWORTH has also generously lent a valuable series of Dresden, Capo de Monte, and Chelsea porcelain. We would draw special attention to the group of the "Grecian Daughter," and the statuettes of the Seasons, of old Chelsea porcelain, which may well sustain comparison with the Dresden productions of that class. A statuette of Bacchus, of the Nymphenburg manufacture, from the same collection, is a remarkably fine work. There are also some excellent examples of bird-painting upon the Dresden specimens. SIR GARDNER WILKINSON has lent a most interesting series, illustrating the pottery of

ancient and modern Egypt, early Etruscan, from Chiusi (ancient Clusium), Samian ware, &c.

The examples of Egyptian ware are further enriched by a number of specimens of that manufacture lent by ARTHUR ANDERSON, Esq., who has likewise added some specimens of early Peruvian, of considerable interest.

We now proceed in detail to notice the exhibition of the modern manufacture, and in the present number illustrate some of the most remarkable productions of MR. ALDERMAN COPELAND's famous works. We have frequently had occasion, in commenting upon the progress of the Staffordshire potteries, to refer to the great excellence of the different class of wares emanating from this manufactory, which has exercised so marked an influence in creating and extending the fame of English Ceramic Art.

The specimens in this exhibition exemplify very fully and successfully the various branches which this celebrated manufactory includes in the wide sphere of its operation. The range is very comprehensive. We have here a large collection of vases

of various sizes and design—one of immense magnitude—panels for fireplace coverings, statuettes, groups, dessert baskets, &c., in statuary porcelain; many examples of the beautiful jewelled ware (a special feature of this exhibition), in vases, tazzi, and specimens of the service in possession of her Majesty. To this last must be added an elegant assortment of *jardinières*, conservatory vases and pillars, toilet ware, and an assortment of the ordinary printed ware. In one branch of Art, and that of a most important character, this house has unquestionably stood pre-eminent. We refer to the manufacture of statuary porcelain, which has since given rise to so many imitations. While for many years these works were under the Art-direction of Mr. Battam, the productions of such artists as Gibson, R.A., Wyatt, R.A., Foley, R.A., Marshall, R.A., Theed, Durham, Papworth, &c., were published; thus not only elevating the standard of the productions of this manufactory, but also exercising a most valuable and stimulating influence upon the exertions of others in the trade. The co-operation of artists of such eminence has been most valuable, both directly and indirectly. Not



GROUP OF WORKS IN PORCELAIN: MR. ALDERMAN COPELAND.

only has the branch of Art with which they were immediately connected been raised to a high position in Art-manufacture, but this success has induced an improvement in the general production, and has in a considerable degree tended to arouse that feeling of honourable rivalry which has given so valuable an impulse to the exertions of the pottery districts.

Nor while referring to this subject, should the value of the encouragement given by the Art-Union of London be forgotten or under-estimated. To this society the Ceramic Art of England is largely indebted. At a time when the manufacture of the statuary porcelain was struggling into publicity—when those who should have been the foremost to recognise the value and importance of such an adjunct to the manufacture, were blind and indifferent to its merits, the Art-Union of London at once

acknowledged them, and gave such encouragement by their commissions as finally stamped the invention with a complete success. To this society the credit of fostering, by early patronage, a branch of Art which has since become so important, both in its artistic and industrial relation to English manufacture, is eminently due. The works executed for this society by Mr. Alderman Copeland have been from the models of Gibson, Marshall, Foley, and the antique.

Amongst the examples of statuary porcelain are three remarkably fine busts, life-size, of Clitiae, Juno, and Ariadne, from the antique. As works of pottery they are extraordinary productions; and, considering the many difficulties attending the manufacture—including a contraction of nearly one fourth in the dimensions consequent upon the process of "firing"—their perfection is astonishing. With such illustra-

tions as these as to the capabilities of this material, we look for its application in a variety of ways not hitherto developed.

The designs on the panels for fireplace coverings are of varied character, all in good taste and admirable in point of execution. This branch has of late years become most important as a trade demand, and appears still increasing. We have on former occasions detailed the peculiar fitness of this material for the purpose, not only as regards the facility it offers for decoration in conformity with the style of room in which the stove is fixed, but also for its durability, and the economy of labour which its surface offers as to cleanliness, in comparison with that of metal. Among the most remarkable of the works exhibited is the great Alhambresque Vase, so prominent a feature in the Paris Exhibition last year. This vase,

upwards of five feet high, and fired in one piece, is a most important achievement, and proves the perfection to which the manufacture has been wrought.



Two large vases, *gros bleu*, and Grecian design in gold, are also of great excellence; the blue grounds



are remarkable for quality and uniformity of tint, and challenge comparison with some of the best examples of *Sèvres*.

A large vase of Etruscan form, with garlands of flowers and ornamentation in blue and gold, is of extremely good character, and had the flower-painting been less heavy in tone and execution, it would have been a perfect work.

The specimens we have engraved exhibit several varieties of the works of Mr. Alderman Copeland: we do not pause to describe them; they will be recognised in the cases, and their value and beauty appreciated.

It may be observed, that the engravings on this page are repetitions of some which have on previous occasions been introduced to the readers of this



Journal; but inasmuch as they are the most prominent and meritorious of the works exhibited by Mr. Alderman Copeland, and as all who visit the Ceramic Court will expect to see them pictured in this report of its contents, it would disappoint the visitors, and be unjust to the manufacturer, if they were on this occasion omitted.

We must refer in terms of great praise to several specimens of the *common printed ware* of the manufactory, as it is in this branch that so great an amount of good may be done in the advancement of public taste. We have patterns here which, from the style of design and quality of manufacture, are of the very highest merit, and produced at about



the same price as the execrable willow pattern. Indeed, some of the designs are of such a character as to satisfy the most exacting taste; and yet we are grateful to record that they have been generally popular in an unusual degree, the sales having been very great and continuous. This augurs well, and should induce persistence in such a course, alike creditable to producers and consumers.

We shall have occasion in a future number to refer to the productions of other manufacturers, several of whom are now sending in examples, and of others who have solicited space for works they

are expressly engaged upon for exhibition in this Court—the Ceramic Court of the Crystal Palace.



The importance of such a medium of publicity is now fully acknowledged, and the exhibitive space



will have to be enlarged to include all who desire and deserve to avail themselves of its advantages.

THE MONKS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

OUR business in the present article is to give a sketch of the monks of the middle ages, so far as Art is concerned with them. One branch of this subject has already been treated in Mrs. Jamieson's "Legends of the Monastic Orders." This accomplished lady has very pleasingly narrated the traditional histories of the founders and saints of the orders, which have furnished subjects for the greatest works of Medieval Art; and she has placed monasticism before her readers in its noblest and most poetical aspect. Our humbler aim is to give a view of the familiar daily life of ordinary monks in their monasteries, and of the way in which they enter into the general life without the cloister;—such a sketch as an Art-student might wish to have who is about to study that picturesque medieval period of English history for subjects for his pencil; and who is aware that the religious orders occupied so important a position in middle-age society, that they cannot be overlooked by the historical student; and who feels that the flowing black robe and severe intellectual features of the Benedictine monk, or the coarse frock and sandalled feet of the mendicant friar, are too characteristic and too effective, in contrast with the gleaming armour and richly-coloured and embroidered robes of the sumptuous civil costumes of the period, to be neglected by the artist. Such a student would desire first to have a general sketch of the whole history of monachism, as a necessary preliminary to the fuller study of any particular portion of it. He would wish for a sketch of the internal economy of the cloister;—how the various buildings of a monastery were arranged, and what was the daily routine of the life of its inmates. He would seek to know under what circumstances these recluses mingled with the outer world. He would require accurate particulars of costumes and the like antiquarian details, that the accessories of his picture might be correct. And, if his monks are to be anything better than representations of monkish habits hung upon lay figures, he must know what kind of men the middle age monks were intellectually and morally. These particulars we proceed to supply as fully as the space at our command will permit.

Monachism arose in Egypt. As early as the second century we read of men and women who, attracted by the charms of a peaceful contemplative life, far away from the fierce, sensual, persecuting heathen world, betook themselves to a life of solitary asceticism. The mountainous desert on the east of the Nile valley was their favourite resort; there they lived in little hermitages, rudely piled up of stones, or hollowed out of the mountain-side, or in the cells of the ancient Egyptian sepulchres, feeding on pulse, and herbs, and water from the neighbouring well.

One of the frescoes in the Campo Santo, at Pisa, by Pietro Laurati, engraved in Mrs. Jamieson's "Legendary Art," gives a curious illustration of the eremitical life. It gives us a panorama of the desert, with the Nile in the foreground, and the rock caverns, and the little hermitages built among the date-palms, and the hermits at their ordinary occupations: here is one angling in the Nile, and another dragging out a net; there is one sitting at the door of his cell shaping wooden spoons; and here, again, we see them engaged in those mystical scenes in which an over-wrought imagination pictured to them the temptations of their senses in visible demon shapes—beautiful to tempt or terrible to affright; or materialised the spiritual joys of their minds in angelic or divine visions: Anthony driving out with his staff the beautiful demon from his cell, or wrapt in ecstacy beneath the Divine apparition.* Such pictures of the early hermits are not infrequent in mediæval art: there is a good small one in a fifteenth-century Psalter MS. in the British Museum. (Domit A., xvii. f. 84, C.)

* There is no need to put down all these supernatural tales as fables or impostures—spiritual excitement induces such appearances to susceptible natures; similar tales abound in the lives of the religious people of the middle ages, but they are not unknown in modern days: Luther's conflict with Satan in the Wartburg, to wit; and Colonel Gardiner's vision of the Saviour.

We can picture to ourselves how it must have startled the refined Græco-Egyptian world of Alexandria when occasionally some man, long lost to society and forgotten by his friends, reappeared in the streets and squares of the city, with attenuated limbs and mortified countenance, with a dark hair-cloth tunic for his only clothing, with a reputation for exalted sanctity and spiritual wisdom, and vague rumours of supernatural revelations of the unseen world; like another John Baptist preaching repentance to the luxurious citizens; or fetched, perhaps, by the Alexandrian bishop to give to the church the weight of his testimony to the ancient truth of some doctrine which began to be questioned in the schools.

Such men, when they returned to the desert, were frequently accompanied by numbers of others, whom the fame of their sanctity and the persuasion of their preaching had induced to adopt the eremitical life.

It is not to be wondered at that these new converts should frequently build or select their cells in the neighbourhood of that of the teacher whom they had followed into the desert, and should continue to look up to him as their spiritual guide. Gradually, this arrangement became systematised; a number of separate cells, grouped round a common oratory, contained a community of recluses, who agreed to certain rules and to the guidance of a chosen head; an enclosure wall was generally built around this group, and the establishment was called a *laura*.

The transition from this arrangement of a group of anchorites occupying the anchorages of a *laura* under a spiritual head, to that of a community living together in one building under the rule of an abbot, was natural and easy. The authorship of this cenobite system is attributed to St. Anthony, who occupied a ruined castle in the Nile desert, with a community of disciples, in the former half of the fourth century. The cenobitical institution did not supersede the eremitical, both continued to flourish together in every country of Christendom. The first written code of laws for the regulation of the lives of these communities was drawn up by Pachomius, a disciple of Anthony's. Pachomius is said to have peopled the Island of Tabenne, in the Nile, with cenobites, divided into monasteries, each of which had a superior, and a dean to every ten monks; Pachomius himself being the general director of the whole group of monasteries, which are said to have contained eleven hundred monks. The monks of St. Anthony are represented in ancient Greek pictures with a black or brown robe, and often with a tau cross of blue upon the shoulder or breast.

St. Basil, afterwards Bishop of Cesarea, who died A.D. 378, introduced monachism into Asia Minor, whence it spread over the East. He drew up a code of laws founded upon the rule of Pachomius, which was the foundation of all succeeding monastic institutions, and which is still the rule followed by all the monasteries of the Greek church. The rule of St. Basil enjoins poverty, obedience, and chastity, and self-mortification. The habit both of monks and nuns was, and still is, universally in the Greek church, a plain, coarse, black frock with a cowl, and a girdle of leather, or cord. The monks went barefooted and barelegged, and wore the Eastern tonsure, in which the hair is shaved in a crescent off the fore part of the head, instead of the Western tonsure, in which it is shaved in a circle off the crown. Hilarion is reputed to have introduced the Basilican institution into Syria; St. Augustine into Africa; St. Martin of Tours into France; St. Patrick into Ireland, in the fifth century.

The early history of the British church is enveloped in thick obscurity, but it seems to have derived its Christianity from an Eastern source, and its monastic system was probably derived from that established in France by St. Martin, the abbot-bishop of Tours. One remarkable feature in it is the constant union of the abbatial and episcopal offices; this conjunction, which was foreign to the usage of the church in general, seems to have obtained all but universally in the British, and subsequently in the English church. The British monasteries appear to have been very large; Bede tells us that there were no less than two thousand one hundred monks in the monastic establishment of Bangor at the time of St. Augustine's connection with it, in the sixth century, and there is reason to believe that

the number is not overstated. They appear to have been schools of learning. The vows do not appear to have been perpetual; in the legends of the British saints we constantly find that the monks quitted the cloister without scruple. The legends lead us to imagine that a provost, steward, and deans, were the officers under the abbot; answering, perhaps, to the prior, cellarer, and deans of Benedictine institutions. The abbot-bishop, at least, was sometimes a married man.

In the year 529 A.D., St. Benedict, an Italian of noble birth and great reputation, introduced into his new monastery on Monte Cassino—a hill between Rome and Naples—a new monastic rule. To the three vows of obedience, poverty, and chastity, which formed the foundation of most of the old rules, he added another, that of manual labour (for seven hours a day), not only for self-support, but also as a duty to God and man. Another important feature of his rule was that its vows were perpetual. And his rule lays down a daily routine of monastic life in much greater detail than the preceding rules appear to have done. The rule of St. Benedict speedily became popular, the majority of the existing monasteries embraced it; nearly all new monasteries for centuries afterwards adopted it; and we are told in proof of its universality of acceptance, that when Charlemagne caused inquiries to be made about the beginning of the eighth century, no other monastic rule was found existing throughout his wide dominions. The monasteries of the British church, however, do not appear to have embraced the new rule.

St. Augustine, the apostle of the Anglo-Saxons, was prior of the Benedictine monastery which Gregory the Great had founded upon the Celian Hill, and his forty missionaries were monks of the same house. It cannot be doubted that they would introduce their order into those parts of England over which their influence extended. But a large part of Saxon England owed its Christianity to missionaries of the native church still flourishing in the west and north; and these would doubtless introduce their own monastic system. We find, in fact, that no uniform rule was observed by the Saxon monasteries; some seem to have kept the rule of Basil, some the rule of Benedict, and others seem to have modified the ancient rules, so as to adapt them to their own circumstances and wishes. We are not surprised to learn that under such circumstances some of the monasteries were lax in their discipline; from Bede's accounts we gather that some of them were only convents of secular clerks, bound by certain rules, and performing divine offices daily, but enjoying all the privileges of other clerks, and even sometimes being married. Indeed, in the eighth century the primitive monastic discipline appears to have become very much relaxed, both in the East and West, though the popular admiration and veneration of the monks was not diminished.

In the illuminations of Anglo-Saxon MSS. of the ninth and tenth centuries, we find the habits of the Saxon monks represented of different colours, viz., white, black, dark brown, and grey.* In the early MS. Nero, C. iv., in the British Museum, at folio 37, occurs a very nice group of monks in white habits; another group occurs at folio 34, rather more stiffly drawn, in which the margin of the hood and the sleeves is bordered with a narrow edge of ornamental work.

About the middle of the ninth century, however, Archbishop Dunstan reduced all the Saxon monasteries to the rule of St. Benedict, not without opposition on the part of some of them, and not without rather peremptory treatment on his part: and thus the Benedictine rule became universal in the West. The habit of the Benedictines consisted of a white woollen cassock, and over that an ample black gown and a black hood. We give here an excellent representation of a Benedictine monk, from the book of St. Albans, in the British Museum (Nero D. vii. f. 81); he is represented as holding a golden tankard in one hand and an embroidered cloth in the other, gifts which he made to the abbey, and for which he is thus immortalised in their *Catalogus Benefactorum*. In working and travelling they wore over the cassock a black sleeveless tunic of shorter and less ample dimensions.

* Strutt's "Dress and Habits of the People of England."

The female houses of the order had the same regulations as those of the monks; their costume too was the same, a white under garment, a black gown, and black veil, with a white wimple around the face and neck. They had in England, at the dissolution of the monasteries, one hundred and twelve monasteries and seventy-four nunneries.*

The Benedictine rule had now been all but universal in the West for four centuries; but during this period its observance had gradually become relaxed. We cannot be surprised if it was found that the seven hours of manual labour which the rule required, occupied time which might better be devoted to the learned studies for which the Benedictines were then, as they have always been, distinguished. We should have anticipated that the excessive abstinence, and many other of the mechanical observances of the rule would soon be found to have little real utility. We are not therefore surprised, nor should we in these days attribute it as a fault, that the obligation to labour appears to have been very generally dispensed with, and that some humane and sensible relaxations of the severe ascetic discipline and dietary of the primitive rule had also been very generally adopted. Nor will any one who has any experience of human nature, expect otherwise than that among so large a body of men—many of them educated from childhood to the monastic profession—there would be many who were wholly unsuited for it, and whose vices brought disgrace upon it. The Benedictine monasteries, then, at the time of which we are speaking, had become different from



BENEDICTINE MONK.

the poor retired communities of self-denying ascetics which they were originally. Their general character was, and continued throughout the middle ages to be, that of wealthy and learned bodies; influential from their broad possessions, but still more influential from the fact that nearly all the literature, and art, and science of the period was to be found in their body. They were good landlords to their tenants, good cultivators of their demesnes; great patrons of architecture, and sculpture, and painting; educators of the people in their schools; healers of the sick in their hospitals; great almsgivers to the poor; freely hospitable to travellers; they continued regular and constant in their religious services; but in housing, clothing, and diet, they lived the life of temperate gentlemen rather than of self-mortifying ascetics. Doubtless, as we have said, in nearly every monastery there were some evil men, whose vices brought disgrace upon their calling; and there were some monasteries in which weak or wicked rulers had allowed the evil to prevail. The quiet, unostentatious, every-day virtues of such monasteries as these were perhaps not such as to satisfy the enthusiastical seeker after monastic perfection. Nor were they such as to command the admiration of the unthinking and illiterate, who are always more prone to reverence fanaticism than to appreciate the more sober virtues; who are ever inclined

* This is the computation of Tanner in his "Notitia Monastica;" but the editors of the last edition of Dugdale's "Monasticon," adding the smaller houses or cells, swell the number of Benedictine establishments in England to a total of two hundred and fifty-seven.

to sneer at religious men and religious bodies who have wealth; and are accustomed to attribute to a whole class the vices of its disreputable members.

The popular disrepute into which the monasteries had fallen through their increased wealth, and their departure from primitive monastic austerities, led, during the next two centuries, viz., from the beginning of the tenth to the end of the eleventh, to a series of endeavours to revive the primitive discipline. The history of all these attempts is very nearly alike. Some young monk of enthusiastic disposition, disgusted with the laxity and the vices of his brother monks, flies from the monastery, and betakes himself to an eremitical life in some neighbouring forest or wild mountain valley. Gradually a few men of like earnestness assemble round him. He is at length induced to permit himself to be placed at their head as their abbot; requires his followers to observe strictly the ancient rule, and gives them a few other directions of still stricter life. The new community gradually becomes famous for its virtues; the Pope's sanction is obtained for it; its followers assume a distinctive dress and name; and take their place as a new religious order. This is in brief the history of the successive rise of the Clugniacs, the Carthusians, the Cistercians, and the orders of Camaldoli and Vallombrosa and Grandmont; they all sprang thus out of the Benedictine order, retaining the rule of Benedict as the groundwork of their several systems. Their departures from the Benedictine rule were comparatively few and trifling, and need not be enumerated in such a sketch as this: they were in fact only reformed Benedictines, and in a general classification may be included with the parent order, to which these rivals imparted new tone and vigour, as the Benedictine family.

The first of them was the CLUGNIAC order, so called because it was founded, in the year 927, at Clugny in Burgundy, by Odo the abbot. The Clugniacs formally abrogated the requirement of manual labour required by the Benedictine rule, and professed to devote themselves more sedulously to the cultivation of the mind. The order was first introduced into England in the year 1077 A.D., at Lewes, in Sussex; but it never became popular in England, and never had more than twenty houses here, and they small ones, and nearly all of them founded before the reign of Henry II. Until the fourteenth century they were all priories dependent on the parent house of Clugny, though the Prior of Lewes was the High Chamberlain, and often the Vicar-general, of the Abbot of Clugny, and exercised a supervision over the English houses of the order. The English houses were all governed by foreigners, and contained more foreign than English monks, and sent large portions of their surplus revenues to Clugny. Hence they were often seized, during war between England and France, as alien priories. But in the fourteenth century many of them were made denizen, and Bermondsey was made an abbey, and they were all discharged from subjection to the foreign abbeys. The Clugniacs retained the Benedictine habit. At Cowfold Church, Sussex, still remains a monumental brass of Thomas Nelond, who was prior of Lewes at his death, in 1433 A.D., on which he is represented in the habit of his order.

In the year 1084 A.D., the CARTHUSIAN order was founded by St. Bruno, a monk of Cologne, at Chartreux, near Grenoble. This was the most severe of all the reformed Benedictine orders. To the strictest observance of the rule of Benedict, they added almost perpetual silence; flesh was forbidden even to the sick; their food was confined to one meal of pulse, bread, and water, daily. It is remarkable that this the strictest of all monastic rules has, even to the present day, been very slightly modified; and that the monks have never been accused of personally deviating from it. The order was numerous on the Continent, but only nine houses of the order were ever established in England. The principal of these was the Charterhouse (Chartreux), in London, which, at the dissolution, was rescued by Thomas Sutton to serve one at least of the purposes of its original foundation—the training of youth in sound religious learning. There were few nunneries of the order—none in England. The Carthusian habit consisted of a white cassock and hood, over that a white scapulary—a long piece of cloth which hangs down before and behind, and is joined at the sides by a band of the same colour,

about six inches wide; unlike the other orders, they shaved the head entirely.

The representation of a Carthusian monk, which we here give, is reduced from one of Hollar's well-known series of prints of monastic costumes.



CARTHUSIAN MONK.

About one hundred and seventy years after, viz., in 1098, arose the CISTERCIAN order. It took the name from Cîteaux (Latinised into Cistercium), the house in which the new order was founded by Robert de Thierry. Stephen Harding, an Englishman, the third abbot, brought the new order into some repute; but it is to the fame of St. Bernard, who joined it in 1113 A.D., that the speedy and widespread popularity of the new order is to be attributed. The order was introduced into England at Waverly, in Surrey, in 1128 A.D. The Cistercians professed to observe the rule of St. Benedict with rigid exactness, only that some of the hours which were devoted by the Benedictines to reading and study, the Cistercians devoted to manual labour. They affected a severe simplicity; their houses were to be simple, with no lofty towers, no carvings or



CISTERCIAN MONK.

representations of saints, except the crucifix; the furniture and ornaments of their establishments were to be in keeping—chasubles of fustian, candlesticks of iron, napkins of coarse cloth, the cross of wood, and only the chalice might be of precious metal. The amount of manual labour prevented the Cistercians from becoming a learned order, though they did produce a few men distinguished in literature; they were excellent farmers and horticulturists, and are said in early times to have almost monopolised the wool trade of the kingdom. They changed the colour of the Benedictine habit, wear-

ing a white gown and hood over a white cassock; when they went beyond the walls of the monastery they also wore a black cloak. St. Bernard of Clairvaux is the great saint of the order. They had seventy-five monasteries and twenty-six nunneries in England, including some of the largest and finest in the kingdom.

The Cistercian monk, whom we give in the woodcut, is taken from Hollar's plate.

There were other reformed Benedictine orders arose in the eleventh century, viz., the order of CAMALDOLI, in 1027 A.D., and that of VALLOMBROSA, in 1073 A.D., but they did not extend to England. The order of the GRANDMONTINES had one or two alien priories here.

The preceding orders differ among themselves, but the rule of Benedict is the foundation of their discipline, and they are so far impressed with a common character, and actuated by a common spirit, that we may consider them all as Benedictines.

We come next to another great monastic family which is included under the generic name of Augustines. The Augustines claim the great St. Augustine, Bishop of Hippo, as their founder, and relate that he established monastic communities in Africa, and gave them a rule. That he did patronise monachism in Africa appears probable, but it is not clear that he founded any distinct order; nor was any order called after his name until the middle of the ninth century. About that time all the various denominations of clergy who had not entered the ranks of monachism, priests—canons, clerks, &c.—were incorporated by a decree of Pope Leo III. and the Emperor Lothaire into one great order, and were enjoined to observe the rule which was then known under the name of St. Augustine, but which is said to have been really compiled by Ivo de Chartres from the writings of St. Augustine. It was a much milder rule than the Benedictine. The Augustinians were divided into Canons Secular and Canons Regular.

THE CANONS SECULAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE were in fact the clergy of the cathedral and collegiate churches, who lived in a community on the monastic model; their habit was a long black cassock (the parochial clergy did not then universally wear black); over which, during divine service, they wore a sur-



CANON OF ST. AUGUSTINE.

plice and a fur tippet, called an *almuce*, and a four-square black cap, called a *baret*; and at other times a black cloak and hood with a leather girdle; according to their rule they might wear their beards, but from the thirteenth century downwards, we find them usually shaven. The canon whom we give in the woodcut, from one of Hollar's plates, is in ordinary costume.

There are numerous existing monumental brasses in which the effigies of canons are represented in choir costume, viz., surplice and amice, and often with a cope over all; they are all bareheaded and shaven. We may mention especially that of William Tannere, first master of Cobham College (died 1418

A.D.), in Cobham Church, Kent, in which the almuce, with its fringe of bell-shaped ornaments over the surplice, is very distinctly shown; it is fastened at the throat with a jewel. The effigy of Sir John Stodeley, canon, in Over Winchendon Church, Bucks (died 1505), is in ordinary costume, an under garment reaching to the heels, over that a shorter black cassock, girded with a leather girdle, and over all a long cloak and hood.

THE CANONS REGULAR OF ST. AUGUSTINE were perhaps the least ascetic of the monastic orders. Enyol de Provins, a minstrel (and afterwards a monk) of the thirteenth century, says of them, "Among them one is well shod, well clothed, and well fed. They go out when they like, mix with the world, and talk at table." They were little known till the tenth or eleventh century, and the general opinion is, that they were first introduced into England, at Colchester, in the reign of Henry I. Their habit was like that of the secular canons—a long black cassock, cloak and hood, and leather girdle, and four-square cap; they are distinguished from the secular canons by not wearing their beard. According to Tanner, they had one hundred and seventy-four houses in England—one hundred and fifty-eight for monks, and sixteen for nuns; but the editors of the last edition of the "Monasticon" have recovered the names of additional small houses, which make up a total of two hundred and sixteen houses of the order.

The Augustine order branches out into a number of denominations; indeed, it is considered as the parent rule of all the monastic orders and religious communities which are not included under the Benedictine order; and retrospectively it is made to include all the distinguished recluses and clerics before the institution of St. Benedict, from the fourth to the sixth century.

The most important branch of the Regular Canons is the PREMONSTRATENSIAN, founded by St. Norbert, a German nobleman, who died in 1134 A.D.; his first house being in a barren spot in the valley of Coucy, in Picardy, to which the name of Pré-montre was given, and from which the order took its name. The rule was that of Augustine, with a severe discipline superadded; the habit was a coarse black cassock, with a white woollen cloak and a white four-square cap. Their abbots were not to use any episcopal insignia. The Premonstratensian nuns were not to sing in choir or church, and to pray in silence. They had only thirty-six houses in England, of which Welbeck was the chief; but the order was very popular on the Continent, and at length numbered one thousand abbays and five hundred nunneries.

THE TRINITARIANS, also, from the name of their founder, called Mathurins, and from their object, Brethren of the Redemption of Captives, were a confraternity of the Augustines, founded in 1180 by John de Matha and Felix de Valois—"the Clarkson and Wilberforce of their time," Mrs. Jamieson appropriately calls them—for the redemption of slaves and captives. In the first year of their labours these two men redeemed one hundred and eighty-six Christian captives from the hands of the Moors in Africa, the second year one hundred and ten, the third one hundred and twenty. They were introduced into England by Sir William Lucy of Charleote, on his return from the Crusade, who built and endowed for them Thellesford Priory in Warwickshire, and subsequently they had eleven other houses in England. St. Rhadegunda was their tutelary saint. Their habit was white, with a Greek cross on the breast of red and blue—the three colours being taken to signify the three persons of the Holy Trinity, viz., the white, the Eternal Father; the blue, which was the transverse limb of the cross, the Son; and the red, the charity of the Holy Spirit.

Under this rule are also included the GILBERTINES, who were founded by a Lincolnshire priest, Gilbert of Sempringham, in the year 1139 A.D. There were twenty-six houses of the order, most of them in Lincolnshire and Yorkshire; they were all priories dependent upon the house of Sempringham, whose head, as prior-general of the order, appointed the priors of the other houses, and ruled absolutely the whole order. All the houses of this order were double houses, that is, monks and nuns lived in the same enclosure, though with a rigid separation between their two divisions. The monks followed the Augustinian rule; the nuns followed

the rule of the Cistercian nuns. The habit was a black cassock, a white cloak and hood, lined with lambskin. The "Monasticon" gives very effective representations (after Hollar) of the Gilbertine monk and nun.

The order of our Saviour, or, as they are usually called, the BRIGITTINES, were founded by St. Bridget of Sweden, in 1363. They were introduced into England by Henry V., who built for them the once glorious nunnery of Sion House. At the dissolution, the nuns fled to Lisbon, where their successors still exist. Some of the relics and vestments which they carried from Sion House have been carefully preserved ever since, and are now in the possession of the Earl of Shrewsbury.* Their habit was like that of the Benedictine nuns—a black tunic, white wimple and veil, but is distinguished by a black band on the veil across the forehead.

THE NUNS OF FONTEVRAUD was another female order of Augustinians, of which little is known. It was founded at Fontevraud in France, and three houses of the order were established in England in the time of Henry II.; they had monks and nuns within the same enclosure, and all subject to the rule of an abbess.

THE BONHOMMES were another small order of the Augustinian rule, of little repute in England; they had only two houses here, which, however, were reckoned among the greater abbays, viz., Esserug in Bucks, and Edindon in Wilts.

Other small offshoots of the great Augustinian tree were those who observed the rule of St. Austin according to the regulations of St. Nicholas of Arrosaia, who had four houses here; and those who observed the order of St. Victor, who had three houses.

There were besides a great number of HOSPITALS; the last edition of the "Monasticon" enumerates no less than three hundred and seventy of them; founded originally by the sides of the high roads for the relief of travellers, and especially of pilgrims, they were at length devoted to the relief of poor and impotent persons, answering to our modern almshouses. These had usually two or three Augustine canons, the prior acting as master of the house, the brethren acting as chaplains and confessors; and it is probable that the alms-people observed some of the usages of a religious rule. The canons of some of these hospitals had local statutes in addition to the general rule, and were distinguished by some peculiarity of habit; thus the canons of the hospital of St. John Baptist, at Coventry, wore a cross on the breast of their black cassock, and a similar one on the shoulder of their cloak.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

LEEDS.—Mr. J. White, who has recently been appointed Master of the Leeds School of Practical Art, delivered at the commencement of last month his inaugural lecture on the "Importance of Art-Education," in which he argued that drawing should form a part of general education, whatever the condition of life: "Reading," he said, "was taught as a means of acquiring knowledge; writing as a means of retaining and extending that knowledge; and drawing should be taught, in conjunction with the latter, and to the same intent."

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The annual meeting of those interested in the School of Practical Art at this town was held on the first Monday in August. The report read by the Secretary is by no means discouraging, though not so satisfactory as could be desired, owing to the debt still encumbering the finances of the institution. Efforts have been made to relieve the School from this pressure, and nearly £700 have been collected for this purpose; but there yet remains a sum of £460 owing. The evening classes showed a deficiency of sixteen pupils in comparison with the number who attended the preceding year; this falling off was attributed in some degree to the establishment of a class at the Free Grammar School, under the superintendence of Mr. Chittenden, the Master of the School of Art. On the other hand, the day classes had increased in numbers, and the aggregate fees had also advanced to something beyond the amount received in 1855. Eighteen pupil teachers, connected with the parochial schools of the town and its vicinity, were training in the school, having been admitted upon payment of half the usual fees.

* Mrs. Jamieson, p. 137.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

ST. CATHERINE.

Guido, Painter. J. M. St. Eve, Engraver.
Size of the Picture, 10½ in. by 7½ in.

GUIDO RENI, generally known by his christian name only, was born at Calvenzano, near Bologna, in 1574-5. His works rank not only among the best of the Bolognese school, but also with the highest of the Italian painters. He was the son of a musician, and in his early years studied music with the purpose of making it his profession. He soon, however, altered his intention, and turned his thoughts to painting; placing himself first under Denis Calvart, a Flemish artist of high repute settled in Italy, and subsequently, in 1595, in the school of the Caracci, which had not then been very long established in Bologna. Of the three Caracci, Ludovico's style was that which most pleased Guido, and which he followed. In 1602 he went to Rome, and carefully studied all the great masters there, especially Raffaele; but the works of Caravaggio seemed above all others to excite his admiration, and for a time he followed the style of this painter—so forcible and true, yet coarse, and with strong contrasts of light and shade. He did, it is true, long continue to take Caravaggio as his model, but formed a style of his own, in accordance with the prevailing taste of the more refined painters of the Roman school, and of his former masters, the Caracci. It is said that Caravaggio, who, prior to the appearance of Guido in Rome, stood highest among all the artists in popular favour, was so enraged at the success achieved by the new comer that he loaded him with calumnies. Annibal Caracci, who was also in Rome at this time, and Guido's friend and fellow-student Albino, showed him so much hostility that he at length quitted Rome in disgust: not, however, till he had executed works which have immortalised his name; among these his grand fresco of the "Hours preceded by Aurora," in the Palazzo Raspigliosi, stands most prominent. This work has been beautifully engraved by Morghen, and has thus been made known to thousands who have never seen the original. It is painted in what is considered Guido's second manner, exhibiting in a remarkable degree the effective treatment of light and shade he had learned from Caravaggio.

Guido returned to Bologna, and painted his famous picture of the "Murder of the Innocents" for the Church of St. Domenico, and the "Repentance of Peter" for the Palazzo Zampieri. But the Pope Paul V., who much regretted his departure from Rome, prevailed upon him to return thither to decorate his chapel in Santa Maria Maggiore. This work being completed, he once more went back to Bologna, and was no sooner settled there again than commissions flowed in upon him from all parts of Italy—so numerous were they that he was absolutely compelled to refuse many.

It is a fact too apparent to be contradicted that the lives and actions of men are rarely in harmony with their creeds and doctrines; many is the writer whose history negatives all the truths he has taught others; poets are known to have had but little real sympathy with scenes they have described in most glowing language, and painters to have felt no heart-reverence for what they have represented with such profoundly religious sentiment and expression. It is a curious problem this in the constitution of man, but it is nevertheless one most humiliating to our nature and character. Here was Guido, for example, whose head and hand were ever engaged on the most serious, and often the most sublime, themes—themes in which, one might reasonably suppose, his heart would have some share—exhausting his gains by extravagance and gambling, and his life by dissipation, so that his latter years were embittered by poverty and privation: notwithstanding, he received large sums for his pictures—as much as one hundred guineas for a full-length figure, an enormous price at that period. He died in 1642.

His "St. Catherine," in the collection at Windsor Castle, though a small picture, is a very beautiful example of his sweet and graceful pencil; the face is noble in expression, and the draperies exhibit the bold and massive forms peculiar to most of the Italian painters of Guido's time.

CORRESPONDENCE

FROM THE

UNITED STATES.

DEAR SIR,—The happy subsection of "Yankeedom" from whose attractions in Nature and Art I pick suggestions for my present letter is—in area—the very smallest daughter in our great family of nations—so small, comparatively, that she is pettingly and patronizingly called "Little Rhody" by her bigger sisters—prone to brag (with a native orator) of the possession of "larger lakes, broader valleys, higher hills, longer rivers, and faster folks than England, or anywhere else *dar* have!" Her entire domain is but thirty-seven by forty-seven miles in extent; her population hardly reaches one hundred and fifty thousand; and she sends (senators excepted) but two representatives to Washington to the thirty-three of New York. Diminutive, though, as she thus is in body, I shall show you that she has a very large soul, and is, though least, by no means last here, in the grand march of human progress. Her enterprise gave birth (it may be almost said) to our now stalwart commerce, and in her workshops was sung the lullaby of our mighty manufacture. Stately ships from all seas sought her ports long before our present chief maritime towns grew into their fame; and she can now show you within her territory the first cotton-mill ever built in America, and (in a ratio with her area and population) a greater variety, extent, and success in Art-industry, than any other state of the Union. Physically, nature has decked her with becoming grace, and, in moral and mental growth, as well as in social refinement, she is eminently distinguished. She has sent out into the world her quota of Art-workers, and she possesses a fair share of Art-treasures. Lastly, she is a liberal and appreciative patron of the *Art-Journal*; for your agent in this city tells me that his monthly sales exceed two hundred copies! here, you see, is a varied and interesting text wherefrom to preach.

It was in other days, long gone by, that the Indian and the Whalers, at which I have hinted, whitened their waters with their venturesome sails. It was not ordered that commerce should be the "mission" of "Little Rhody;" so she has slipped her great cables, and now holds only to a respectable foreign intercourse and a very lively coasting trade. Enough, though, of Indian and of ocean-wealth comes in to help the development of the liberal spirit in which she was born and nurtured, and to lay the foundation of the prosperity and happiness everywhere so evident in the homes and in the hearts of the people.

As the commercial life of Rhode Island subsided, the manufacturing activity began, and grew, until now, as I have intimated, its achievement is not surpassed in any part of the Western world. This industry is developed in every variety of product, but more especially in the making and in the printing of cotton goods; in machinery and all kinds of iron-work; and in jewellery and silver ware of form and value *ad libitum*. The total value of the annual product of the cotton-mills in Providence is set down at nearly a million of dollars, and that of the print-works (which are among the chief establishments of the kind in America) as little less than three millions. The rollers used in the printing are all engraved at home, and, as far as possible, the designs employed are made in the factories, or procured from native artists.

The jewellery of various kinds made in Providence amounts yearly to more than two and a half millions of dollars, and the iron products contribute as much more to the annual industrial estimates of the city. In the first of these manufactures no less than fifty-six establishments are actively employed, and in the second twenty-two—producing immense supplies of gold and silver wares, both of ornament and of use; all kinds of steam machinery, and every variety of tools and of other iron implements and articles.

The manufacture of screws is a matter of special interest here, both from the fact of the very admirable and efficient manner in which the work is done, and from the remarkable circumstances that, of the entire product of these little implements in the United States, the greater part (eighty-seven one-hundredths is the exact figure) are made in the

Providence establishments. The labour occupies one thousand hands, with the result of an annual value of over a million dollars. More than six hundred different sizes and kinds of screws are made in the two factories here, which turn off each day fourteen thousand gross, with a daily residuum of three tons and a half of iron turnings or chips. Screws were first made here by machinery, in 1834, in a very humble way, but since that time the business has constantly increased, and the manufacture has been wonderfully facilitated and perfected by the continual simplification and improvement of the machinery employed. The precision and rapidity, and the almost life-like mode of work of the three machines used to complete the screw is most curious and interesting: first the cutting of the wire of the required length, with the formation of the head—ninety per minute; next (which is the labour of the second machine) the trimming of the head and the cutting of the groove; and afterwards, with the third apparatus, the making of the thread; the last two of these wonderful little machines seemed to me to possess a most precise knowledge of their duty, and to take the greatest delight in the performance of it.

Another special manufactured product of Providence—with the mention of which I must pass on from the Industrial to the Fine Art labour of our little state—is that of butt-hinges. This labour was begun here (and for the first time, to any extent, in the United States) in the year 1842. It was also almost the first manufacture of loose-joint butts in the world—and, in this want, Providence has ever since continued to supply nearly "all creation."

Have I not, even thus hastily, demonstrated my fact—of the contributions of Rhode Island to American Art-labour in its more material shapes? and is there not something yet left to be said for her in a more æsthetic manifestation? Attend: Gilbert Stuart, one of the two or three "old masters" in American Art, and one of the first of our painters in respect both to time and talent—he who has left to his country and to the world, the accepted memory of the form and face of Washington—was a son of Rhode Island, born in days long passed, on the shores of the Narraganset,—near where the waters of that beautiful bay (the great heart of the state) come out from the sea,—in an old snuff-mill, yet standing, and carefully chronicled in my sketch-book, with other venerable and honoured shrines of poetic and historic association here. It is not necessary that I should discourse at this time upon the scope and characteristics of Stuart's genius, of his vigorous and truthful portraiture, his clear, bold, honest execution, and his magic colour, vivid upon his canvases to-day as once upon his palette;—this is all familiar to the Art-lover the world over, and will be re-told in every history of the Pencil. The pictures of Stuart may be found among the heirlooms of many families in Rhode Island. The state possesses two repetitions, from his own hand, of his famous full-length of Washington—one is preserved in the Capitol at Newport, and the second in the other state house at Washington.

Another honoured son of Rhode Island was Malbone, one of the happiest painters in miniature which this or any country has produced. "Whoever," it has been rightly said, "writes the history of American genius, or of American Art, will have failed to do justice to the subject if he omit the name of Malbone." Many of his best works (they were not numerous, for he died very early) are to be found in this vicinity: a famous group of three three-quarter length female figures, called "The Hours," is carefully treasured in the Athenæum of this city. It was presented by the artist to his sister, and after her death was purchased for twelve hundred dollars, and given to the present owners—the money being subscribed through the solicitations of a few patriotic and Art-loving ladies. The picture was painted during the artist's visit to London in 1801, and was praised by West as a work which "no man in England could excel."

Washington Allston, who was an intimate friend and fellow-student of Malbone, said of him that, "He had the happy talent, among his many excellences, of elevating the character without impairing the likeness; this was remarkable in his male heads; and no woman ever lost any beauty from his hands—nay, the fair would often become still fairer under his pencil; and to this he added a grace of execution



GUIDO. PINXT

J. M. ST. EVE. SCULPT

ST. CATHERINE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON, PUBLISHED FOR THE PROPRIETORS.



all his own." There is, or was, a work of Malbone's in Boston, which Stuart used to visit once a year, charging the owner to take great care of it, "as it was decidedly the finest miniature in the world."

The picture of "The Hours," by which Malbone will be best known hereafter, is in size six by seven inches, upon a single sheet of ivory. It contains, as I have said, three young female figures, representing the past, the present, and the coming hours, or, according to the Greek personification, and to the artist's inscription upon the back of the work—"Eunomia, Dice, and Irene." In composition the work is remarkably simple; and in the subtle changes of expression and character, the sentiment of the story is daintily and clearly revealed, while in colours it is marvellously pure and brilliant. The only grave mistake in the work, to my feeling, is the careful representation of the costumes and head-dress in vogue when it was painted, but obsolete and disagreeable now. Malbone was a native of Newport, and he died in Savannah, in Georgia, in 1807, at the age of thirty-two.

Among her living artists, Rhode Island has a worthy successor, in many points, to her departed Malbone, in Mr. Richard M. Staigg. There is a force and fullness and flexibility of manner in Mr. Staigg's miniatures, a strength and massiveness of portraiture and character, and a rich fleshiness of colour not often seen in even good works in his department. He is well employed in his studio at New York in the winter, and through the summer months at his native home of Newport. This ancient capital of Rhode Island is at this time one of the most fashionable of American watering-places: but happily the good old truthful spirit of the town seems to leaven the hollow lump of the exotic influence, instead of being itself dissipated and destroyed. This fortunate result is helped not a little by the circumstance that the intrinsic attractions of the region—in its healthful climate, its beautiful nature, and its genuine social life—lead the best of its visitors to make it their permanent summer abode, in their own villa homes, instead of in the demoralising vagabondism of hotels. Thus, in Newport, the explosive, high-pressure temperature of an ever-moving throng is powerfully controlled by the healthful conservative faith and grace of domesticity.

But I am wandering somewhat from my immediate theme. Let me sail, by island and headland, twenty-five miles up the bay back to Providence. The stranger in this charming city will not fail to remark a novel speciality everywhere in the architecture, public and private. Here the stately, and there the picturesque edifice—the church tower and the cottage porch; and all of such humble material as the despised brick. Looking thus upon the "deformed transformed," he will feel at once that the wand of some unique magician has been waved over all. The city owes this great and peculiar beauty to its wise and honourable appreciation of the genius of one of its own young architects, Mr. T. A. Tefft, who has most successfully made the use of brick in picturesque construction a matter of especial study. Of his works, here and elsewhere, I shall have occasion to speak more particularly when I write, as I shall soon, about our Architectural Art. Mr. Tefft is a Rhode Islander, born, I believe, somewhere in the neighbourhood of the painter Stuart's ancestral snuff-mill.

Rhode Island possesses an Art-association, located here, in Providence. It is a new society, and thus far has presented only two annual exhibitions. It has eligible apartments, very moderately furnished with busts and casts for the use of students. In the preface to the last year's catalogue the managers say, "That we must one day have a School of Design here, supported by our own manufacturers, and in turn supporting them, appears inevitable. The only question is one of time." The preface is right; and I am sure the decisive "question" will be satisfactorily answered before long. Let the people see to it. Of this "Rhode Island Art Association" I shall have more to say at another season. Among the Art-possessioners of Providence is a Madonna and Child (an oil picture) by Overbeck; works by Stuart, Copley, and Malbone; some of the productions of Made-moiselle Rosa Bonheur; pictures by Leutze, Mornel, Durand, Doughty, Woodville, Kensett, Stearns, Heely, Hinckley, Osgood, Sully, Morse, Terry, Hopkin, Gignoux, Coleman, and Weber, and other American artists, with a reasonable sprinkling of "old

masters," good, bad, and indifferent. *A propos*, let me here ask your congratulations upon the promising circumstance of the rapid disappearance from our private galleries of the "old masters," who have ruled there so long and so despotically, to the detriment of the better productions of our own easels.

I regret that I must close my letter with the sad record of the death of that Nestor of American landscape-art, Thomas Doughty. He died in New York, after a long illness, on the 24th of July last, at the age of sixty-three years. He was one of the earliest of our painters who distinguished himself in that department of study to which he was devoted; and at one time he deservedly held a very high position—but he outlived both his genius and his fame. He has left behind him, scattered all over the country, a great number of works of very unequal merit. Those executed in the acme of his power will be always treasured as rare examples of true Art. His favourite and happiest themes were brooky nooks and pastoral passages, with alternating copse and lawns, and far-off peeps of gentle hills and water: all seen in such moistened, vapoury atmosphere, and such greyish-clouded skies, as the climate of England so often produces. His works owe their charm—though generally very carefully and nicely wrought—less to their individuality of character in the objects represented, than to the general sentiment which they always either exhibit or suggest. He worked more from feeling than from knowledge; and thus it was, perhaps, that when in years and cares, in privations and pain, his heart failed him, so failed his hand also. He went to the easel from the humble position of a leather-dresser, quite uneducated in Art or otherwise, at the late age of twenty-eight, and burthened with a wife and child dependent upon his labour. "Contrary to the wishes of all my friends," he once said, "I resolved to pursue painting as a profession, which, in their opinion, was a rash and uncertain step. My mind, however, was firmly fixed; I had acquired a taste for Art which no circumstance could unsettle." In respect to material reward, those predictions of his friends were unhappily better realised than were his own stout hopes; for despite his best successes, his life was one of great pecuniary struggles,—though this painful sequel must in justice be charged to his own faults of character, as much as to the faithlessness of his Art.

Very sincerely yours,

T. A. R.

Providence, Rhode Island, Aug. 5.

THE HARBOURS OF ENGLAND.*

We are glad to meet with this series of Turner's works in the form in which it is presented to the public. It is to the taste and enterprise of the publisher that we are indebted for a set of these engravings, and in a form most convenient and accessible to those by whom they will chiefly be esteemed—we mean students of Art; not that all are models for imitation, but that the principles they involve are indispensable to good Art. We are glad, we say, to meet with them in this form; for whatever may be said of Turner's colour, we find him generally right in a reduction to black and white. Those who do not know that Turner never completed a series that he commenced, will be disappointed to find that the number of these plates extends to only twelve; and will be mortified to find that Liverpool, Shields, Newcastle, Sunderland, and other similar places are omitted, while such places as Margate, Ramsgate, and Deal, are included in the series—which, in addition to these, contains also Dover, Plymouth, Catwater, Sheerness, Portsmouth, Falmouth, Sidmouth, Whitby, and Scarborough. In his preface the editor essays to account for Turner's habitual interruption of projected serials; but he assigns no intelligible reason. If any cause for such not unfrequent, abrupt, and unsatisfactory conclusions, is to be given, it will be found in the *ιδιοσυγκρασία* of the artist as mirrored in his works, of which we need see but one, to learn that it is the production of a man

who shelters himself from a declaration of subordinate form, natural and factitious, in the sublime informalities of the phenomena of nature. Turner could be formal in nothing; it was enough for him that Margate was an English harbour; that position did not assert that Liverpool and Bristol were not; and although, in his "Rivers of France," the Rhone and the Garonne were omitted, there was no inference that these rivers were not rivers of France. Mr. Ruskin has spoken of some of Turner's last works in such a strain as to induce a belief that he ranked them among the best productions of the artist's best time. He now says that "The Temeraire" was his last really worthy picture. We agree with him in this; it is, as a whole, unsurpassed by any similar work of any time—though still disfigured by that imperfection in form and infirmity of execution which derogate so materially from many of Turner's best works. Look at the thing that tows the venerable hulk; but for the chimney you could not resolve it into a steam-tug. We remember when the picture was in the hands of the engraver, the latter was in the utmost embarrassment with regard to this passage of the picture, and ventured to make the thing like a steam-boat—a liberty which excited in the artist a paroxysm of wrath. What had he to do with form? what had he to do with the forms of steam-boats?—he who was for ever shrieking like a sea-mew to the music of the "felon winds"—who now overwhelms us with the dark oppression of his storm-cloud, and now administers his sunbeams until, like the bad angel, we are

"Drunk with excess of light."

The steam-boat, however, remains in the plate as the engraver shaped it. Mr. Ruskin's letter-press to these plates does not panegyricise Turner with anything like the devotional homage which characterises his "Modern Painters;" his criticism is more reasonable; he aims at intelligibility, and does not always fail. In his introduction he says, "Of one thing I am certain—Turner never drew anything that could be seen without having seen it;—that is to say, though he could draw Jerusalem from some one else's sketch, it would be, nevertheless, entirely from his own experience of ruined walls; and though he would draw ancient shipping (for an imitation of Vandevelde, or a vignette to the voyage of Columbus) from such data as he could get about things which he could no more see with his own eyes, yet when of his own free will, in the subject of Ilfracombe, he, in the year 1818, introduces a shipwreck, I am perfectly certain that, before the year 1818, he had seen a shipwreck, and, moreover, one of that horrible kind—a ship dashed to pieces in deep water at the foot of an inaccessible cliff. Having once seen this, I perceive also that the image of it could not be effaced from his mind. It taught him two great facts, which he never afterwards forgot—namely, that both ships and sea were things that broke to pieces. He never afterwards painted a ship quite in fair order." This is a specimen of that kind of composition by which Mr. Ruskin mystifies his non-artistic readers into profound respect for his penetration, at some expense to the reputation of Turner. What is here meant is that Turner in imaginary composition drew upon nature and Art until these sources were exhausted, and then drew on his own invention for the remainder—the simple resources of every other artist. Had we been told that Turner declined altogether to treat the subject of Jerusalem, because he had never been there, it would raise the memory of Turner in the estimation of strangers, who may desire to learn something of this great painter. "I said," continues the editor, "that at this period he first was assured of another fact, that the sea also was a thing that broke to pieces. The sea up to that time had been generally regarded by painters as a liquidly composed, level-seeking, consistent thing, with a smooth surface, rising to a water-mark on the sides of ships; in which ships were scientifically to be imbedded and wetted up to said water-mark, and to remain dry above the same. But Turner found, during his southern coast tour, that the sea was not this; that it was, on the contrary, a very incalculable and unhorizontal thing, setting its 'water-mark' sometimes on the highest heavens as well as on the sides of ships; very breakable into pieces; half of a wave separable from the other half, and on the instant carriageable miles inland," &c. This is mere senseless verbiage—a

* "The Harbours of England," engraved by Thomas Lupton from the original drawings made expressly for the work by J. M. W. Turner, R.A., with illustrative text by J. Ruskin. Published by E. Gambart & Co., London.

tissue of absurdity, which could only be said of some creature whose senses were in their earliest dawn. Mr. Ruskin alludes here to circumstances which gave rise to Turner's picture of "The Shipwreck," a large composition, in the possession of one of the directors of the British Institution. It is well known by the engraving; but we believe this picture was painted before 1818; and in this picture Turner has not shown his scrupulous observation of probabilities, for he has placed a boat in a sea in which no such small craft could live a minute. But we must proceed to the plates. In the view of Dover the spectator is placed near the end of the jetties, at the entrance to the harbour, whence the Castle Cliff is seen to cross the composition, having the town at its foot, with the citadel cliff on the left. The castle and cliff are lighted by sunshine, but dominated by a dark and threatening sky, to which in tone the water responds. We know very well the appearance of Dover from this point—it is by no means like what Turner has represented; the town is altogether shrunk into nothing, while the castle hill is much exaggerated. As an effect it is most successful; but thus it was that Turner made pictures. Ramsgate is the next; and what we observe of the town is seen from near the lighthouse; but this is not so successful as Dover. The view of Plymouth is taken from the shore, looking at the town, with the citadel on the left. Here the sea is calm; over the town hangs a black cloud, on which is relieved a rainbow. Although an effect of calm, this plate is full of movement, even to distraction. It is followed by Catwater, the entrance to Plymouth Sound, another breezy subject, with a rolling sea. We agree with Mr. Ruskin in pronouncing Sheerness not only one of the best works of the series, but one of the best of Turner's marine subjects. We are again at sea off the harbour, which appears in the distance on the left, where are also seen a cutter and a light collier brig, both going to sea; while on the right is seen moored a ship of the line. A stiff breeze is blowing; and from the short crisp seas we understand that we are in an estuary. On the right the sky is darkened, and a wedge-like scudding shadow is thrown across the near section of water, and expanding to the right distance. This plate is really full of grandeur, suffering in nowise from the enfeebling sparkle of distributed light. The view of Margate is taken from that side called Buenos Ayres, but it lies principally in shadow; it is extremely indefinite as a view of the town, but spirited as a coast composition. The view of Portsmouth is more recognisable as the representation of a place than the last we have noticed. The sky is admirable; and it were much to be desired that the water were equally well composed, but there are evident, here and there, scratchings of the artist's knife in search of relief where no relief is wanted, the sea being already sufficiently broken up. Falmouth is an excellent plate, full of detail, and distinguished by drawing more careful than usual. The evening sky, and the gem-like setting of the town in the composition, are most masterly; the nearest passages are not so agreeable. We look at Sidmouth from the sea, which is drawn in shade, and with greater breadth than usual. The effect is windy—a very favourite aspect with Turner, as affording fitting lights and a wild sky. The view of Whitby is a charming drawing: we are placed as usual on the sea, with the cliffs and monastery on our left, and looking directly into the harbour, into which a brig is sailing. The sea has breadth and movement, and the sky is deep and full of atmosphere. We view Deal in like manner from the sea. This subject is almost entirely an expression of wind, and as such highly successful. Scarborough is really the most quiescent picture of the whole, and all the parts come together, so as to form a most agreeable composition. All these plates are in mezzotint; and it were much to be desired that a more extensive selection of Turner's works could be thus published; for, independently of their charm to all lovers of Art, they are, as we before remarked, of infinite value to the student. The prints are all well and carefully engraved by Mr. Lupton, and it is certain that they have received much benefit from the "touches" of Mr. Ruskin: altogether the work is a valuable acquisition to the artist and Art-lover, and its production is highly to the credit of the enterprising publisher.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY "EVENING."—The close of the Exhibition was marked, as it has for some years been, by an assemblage of the exhibitors, and by calling together a number of the patrons and lovers of Art, whom the Academy "entertained." The rooms were, of course, lit with gas, and the pictures were seen to great advantage by the light thus produced—many of them, indeed, for the first time; the upper row having the full benefit of that which the day-time kept from them. The evening was in all respects gratifying; every exhibitor had a right of admission—the great majority in attendance were consequently artists; but mingled with them were many whose association with Art is only obtained by their love of it. A very liberal supply of refreshments was provided, and all the guests seemed content as well as delighted.

THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION AT MANCHESTER.—The foundations of the Art-palace at Manchester have been laid, and the works progress in a manner so entirely satisfactory as to leave no dread of ultimate success. The architect, Mr. Salomons, seems, next to the chairman, Mr. Fairbairn, to have gained "golden opinions;" while the contractors pledge themselves, in a manner not to be misunderstood, that the building shall be ready to receive its "treasures" early in the year 1857. The Committee are evidently labouring "with a heart and with a will;" and they are fully justified in anticipating an amount of public co-operation which cannot fail to realise their hopes. Their labours will now be devoted to the collecting from all quarters pictures and other works of Art. They are no doubt fully aware of the difficulties in their way; they are by no means insurmountable, and will be overcome by that energy and perseverance which have heretofore marked all the proceedings of the enterprising gentlemen who have taken this weighty matter in hand. We trust that ere long we may be able to report a number of noblemen and gentlemen who have placed their galleries at the disposal of the Committee.

THE MANCHESTER INSTITUTION.—The Committee announce their intention to open this Exhibition on the 9th of the present month of September, and they will do so under circumstances of great encouragement. The "Institution" is, as our readers know, a building eminently suited to the occasion; and we may indulge the hope that by its "inauguration," in so appropriate a manner, it will be the property of the trustees unencumbered by debt—the millstone round the neck of many valuable institutions, the power of which for good is thus often so embarrassed as to be rendered comparatively unavailing. The ceremonial of the 9th will be presided over by Lord Palmerston—a gratifying fact, and one that cannot fail greatly to promote the object in view; it will be, we believe, the first instance of a prime-minister ever having taken an active and prominent part in the formation of a society of this kind, and must be accepted as one of the most unequivocal signs of the times. His lordship is sure to be well supported; and the result will no doubt be among the most satisfactory of those events which have marked his long political career. Our purpose in again drawing attention to this subject is to express an earnest hope that the project will receive the aid of all by whom it can be rendered; that manufacturers especially, by contributing to the Exhibition, will assist to accomplish the many important advantages—to them and to all classes—which must arise out of this effort to improve and benefit the hundreds of thousands of artisans who people the greatest manufacturing city of the world.

THREE PICTURES of very remarkable character have been exhibited in London (on their way to Manchester); they are painted by Mr. W. Wyld, an English artist, but who, in consequence of his long residence in Paris, where his abilities have been recognised by a decoration of the Legion of Honour, has been generally classed among the painters of France. These works are large, and are designed to be the ornament of one of the best modern houses of Manchester, having been commissioned by Joseph Bull, Esq., an "ironmaster" of that great city, and one who, we rejoice to know, is foremost among the wealthy "patrons" to whom British Art must now-a-days look for its prosperity. They are pic-

tures of great merit, and are intended to illustrate in some degree the merchant's calling, and the repose he covets, as the recompence of labour. The one represents Venice in its palmy days; the other, Rotterdam in its zenith; and the third exhibits Tivoli. They are, however, rather recollections than portraits, for the artist has allowed himself a full licence in treating his subjects poetically, and has introduced into one a gorgeous ceremonial of the olden time—the Queen of Sheba embarking; while in the other merchants congregate, and there is all the incidental bustle of traffic and prosperity. Tivoli is a charming production, and "tells" with singular felicity, in its calm yet grand repose, between the two cities of commerce. The works are very honourable to the painter, and will add much to the Art-wealth of Manchester.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—Three or four new pictures were added to the National Collection on the eve of our going to press. Several more have been purchased, and, we expect, will be hung in time for us to notice the whole together in our next publication.

A STATUE OF THE LATE GENERAL SIR CHARLES NAPIER will shortly be placed at the south-west corner of Trafalgar Square, workmen being now employed in preparing the foundation for its erection. The statue—the cost of which will be defrayed by public subscription—is the work of Mr. G. C. Adams, and is cast in bronze by Messrs. Thompson, of Pimlico; we defer any remarks upon it till we can see it on the pedestal in its place. But why leave the pedestal which has been so long at the north-west corner still unoccupied? might not Sir Charles have stood there? and thus so far have produced a little harmony in this unfortunate square, that seems, somehow or other, always to have something "out of joint."

SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—At a general meeting of this society, held on the 30th of July, Mr. J. D. Harding was unanimously re-elected a member. Some time since he withdrew from this society, with the intention of devoting himself to painting in oil; but having now returned to the Society, we hope to see a continuation of those works whereby he has earned a reputation so widely extended. The unworthy treatment of Mr. Harding by the Royal Academy is a flagrant instance of the suicidal policy of that body, who, having themselves exhibited no landscape, properly so called, yet decline to elect one of the most eminent living masters in this department of Art.

LONDON AND MIDDLESEX ARCHAEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.—The first annual general meeting of this Society was held on the 24th of July, at the Architectural Museum, Cannon Row, Westminster. After the business of the meeting, presided over by Lord Robert Grosvenor, M.P., was transacted, the members and visitors—a number of the latter being ladies—adjourned to Westminster Abbey, under the guidance of Mr. G. G. Scott, A.R.A., and the Rev. C. Boutell, where the former delivered a brief but interesting lecture on the Abbey; and the latter, as the company inspected the monuments, pointed out those most worthy of notice, and made appropriate comments upon them. We were among the visitors on this occasion; and strange as it may seem to many of our readers, though almost daily passing for the last ten years this noble edifice, and enjoying a near view of its time-worn roof and towers from the room in which we write, we have not, to the best of our recollection, been inside its walls for a far longer period than that just mentioned. What was our surprise and regret after so protracted an absence to find every available nook and corner crowded with the statues of distinguished individuals who have died during the last fifteen or twenty years, placed too, as it would seem, just wherever there was room for them to stand, without reference to suitability of position, and without the least regard to the ancient monuments, which, in many instances, they half conceal. Now, we assert at once that Westminster Abbey is not the proper depository of mere statues, however excellent they may be as works of Art; statues are not monuments reared in memory of the dead, they are testimonials to worth or genius, whether living or dead, and churches should be the receptacles of monuments only. But presuming statues to be what they are not, to crowd them into such a place as the Abbey, is an act that every one who

values taste in Art ought to protest against. Here is a museum of monumental sculptures, extending through a period of about five centuries, such as no other city in the world can show; but its value is rendered comparatively useless, not so much by the absence of due chronological arrangement of these works—which, however, we feel to be unavoidable—as from the intrusion of objects dissimilar in character, and which act as screens to hide the legitimate adornments of the sacred temple. We find the living portraits of Peel, and Campbell, and Mackintosh, and Watt, and scores of other worthies, standing, as they appear to us, in mockery of the dead who sleep below, or whose deeds are recorded on the surrounding walls. Public opinion has succeeded in closing the grave-yards of London against new occupants; let us hope it will be equally urgent in demanding that the Abbey of Westminster shall no longer be the receptacle of mere portrait-sculptures—the National Gallery is the only suitable receptacle for such works. When the new one is erected, a gallery should be especially appropriated to the statues of our great men, and thither those now in the Abbey, and St. Paul's too, should be removed. At present the right men are in the wrong places.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The last Annual Report of this Institution, submitted to the subscribers on the 11th of August, has been placed before us. It alludes in gratifying terms to the continued and progressive advancement of the funds of the society, the subscriptions at the annual dinner, in June, having reached the sum of £624 18s. 10d., including a donation of 100 guineas from Earl Stanhope, as the first fruits of the "Peel Memoirs." The council expresses its thanks to Lord Yarborough for his gift of the copyright and steel plates of Turner's "Wreck of the Minotaur," and "The Vintage of Macon," which will shortly be published for the benefit of the institution. The following are the receipts of the last financial year, ending June 30th, 1856:—

Life subscriptions and donations . . .	£601 16 10
Annual subscriptions	74 9 0
Dividends on funded stock	494 4 4
Ditto on the Jernegan bequest	12 2 6
Income tax returned to July 5	13 13 9
	£1196 6 5

Relief has been granted during the year to sixty-eight cases, at the half-yearly meetings, by sums amounting to £1060. The following gentlemen were appointed directors for the three ensuing years, in lieu of those who went out by rotation:—Messrs. T. S. Cope, E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., T. McLean, W. E. Frost, A.R.A., A. Elmore, A.R.A., E. l'Anson, T. Webster, R.A., and F. S. Cary. We shall rejoice if any recommendation of our own, or any influence we may have, should avail in promoting the enlarged utility of this excellent institution.

MR. PENNETHORNE, the Government architect and surveyor, has recently received a gratifying testimonial of the regard in which he is held by his professional brethren; upwards of seventy of whom, including a very large proportion of the most eminent, have signed a congratulatory letter to him on the completion of the new wing of Somerset House. They have also taken advantage of the opportunity to express their "cordial respect for his character as an architect and surveyor, and for his bearing as a gentleman." It is proposed to present Mr. Pennethorne with an impression, in gold, of the medal of Sir William Chambers (the first architect of Somerset House), which the Art-Union of London has in preparation for its subscribers.

ART IMITATIONS IN LEATHER.—**MR. WILLIAM SANDERS**, of 7, Mornington Road, has submitted to our inspection some works in cut leather, which are unquestionably of rare and singular merit, and fine examples of an art which he teaches as well as practises. They consist chiefly of birds and flowers, and are composed of bits of light leather, cut by hand, and so ingeniously put together as to be very accurate representations of wood carvings: it is difficult otherwise to describe their effect. They manifest industry as well as talent, and cannot fail to be admired wherever they are seen.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The auspicious opening of this theatre was the prelude to a satisfactory close; and a very strong public feeling among all classes exists to support Mr. Lamley in his

arduous undertaking. He has carried his "season" through with even more than former triumphs; there was no evidence whatever of straitened resources; on the contrary, the general impression is that he did too much rather than too little. All parties are more than content, and the hope is universal that next year he will again obtain those "golden opinions" which have been this year his reward.

MR. AND MADAME GOLDSCHMIDT have returned to Dresden, having made a very extensive tour throughout England, and given enjoyment to thousands in all its principal cities and towns. We believe we are correct in saying that she will not again appear in public in this country; although she has taken no formal farewell, she has permitted it to be understood that her voice is not hereafter to minister to her fortune—in other words, she is wealthy enough, and, although in the zenith of life, with her rich gift of nature as capable as it ever was of delighting and astonishing, she prefers the calm quiet of domestic happiness to the labour and excitement of even a "concert stage." She has made "friends" everywhere, but nowhere are they more numerous than in England; in no country of the world is she more truly esteemed or more highly respected—not by any means alone for her genius, but for her private worth. Few public characters have mixed so little in what is called "society"—few have seen her who did not see her discharging the duties of her profession; but we have learned to regard her and to estimate her none the less—and certainly no public person of our time has so thoroughly carried with her into private life admiration so closely bordering on affection. It will consequently gratify all who may read this notice to know that in private life no woman was ever more entirely happy; a foolish and wicked rumour to the contrary preceded her visit to England; the "thousand tongues" of slander had circulated a statement, as regarded Mr. Goldschmidt, in which there was not a syllable of truth—for which, indeed, there was not even a shadow of foundation. We have seldom known a gentleman more entirely admirable than Mr. Goldschmidt—as generous in disposition as she is, as entirely devoted as she is to that profession of which they are the ornaments—his taste for Art forms one of his best resources, and contributes, next to music, to the home-happiness of both. There is no liberal thought, no good deed which Madame Goldschmidt can devise or do, in which she will not be zealously seconded by her excellent, amiable, and accomplished husband; and we have good grounds for the belief that no woman has in wedded life a safer or better security for domestic happiness and prosperity.

THE NIGHTINGALE FUND.—This fund, the creation of which it will be recollected, we were the earliest to announce, has now reached the very large sum of about 37,000*l.*, and there is little doubt that it will amount to 40,000*l.* (clear of all expenses) before the committee are called upon to complete their contract with the public by transferring it to Miss Nightingale. That is all the committee have to do; their purpose was limited to its collection, to be handed over to Miss Nightingale, and expended by her for the benefit of that public by whom it has been contributed. It is, however, well known—in fact, it has been publicly announced—that Miss Nightingale, by the aid of a council (selected by her from the committee), will devise and mature, and subsequently promulgate, a plan for the formation of an institute for the education of nurses, to be attached to some existing hospital in London. There can be no doubt of the enormous amount of good that will hence result. Providence has endowed this admirable lady with faculties which peculiarly fit her for this important task; the public have supplied means by which she may work freely and untrammelled; and we entirely believe that the benefits she is destined to confer hereafter on her country and humanity will be infinitely greater and more extensive than those which followed her steps at Scutari and in the Crimea. We can, and perhaps may, fully detail the objects in view, and, under God's blessing, the certain results; but at present to do so would be premature. Miss Nightingale has returned to England; she is "at home;" but some time will no doubt elapse before she gathers health and strength to resume labours which have been rightly described as "superhuman."

REVIEWS.

THE SOLDIER'S DEPARTURE.—**THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.** Executed in chromo-lithography by VINCENT BROOKS, from the Pictures by J. RITCHIE. Published by T. BOYS, London.

Arma viraque pingo, has been the motto recently adopted by a large number of artists both here and in France. Of late years, the stirring martial incidents of flood and field were but sparingly set before us; and inasmuch as few of the living know anything of such deeds, except as they are inscribed on the pages of history, to the biographer and the historian, rather than to the painter, must be awarded the merit of kindling whatever warlike enthusiasm has been generated in those whose profession is not that of arms. The last year and the present have, however, overwhelmed us with war-pictures: we have seen the "Guards" marching out, and—marching home again; thousands of troops encamped and reviewed at Chobham and Aldershot; ships of prodigious size and armament floating quietly, or gallantly performing mimic fights on the waters that wash our southern coast. We know every port, town, and battery in the Baltic and Black Seas; we are positively better acquainted with Sebastopol, as it was two years since and as it now is, than we are with the Tower of London in its present condition: we have been in the trenches and the ravines of the Crimea, on the heights and in the camps, with all the brave fellows whose fortune it was to suffer heroically or to die gloriously on that well-fought field. All these things the pencil of the artist, and the camera of the photographer, have placed before the people of England.

"Who live at home at ease."

And now that the last hostile shot—for very many years, we trust—has been fired, let us hope the artist will turn his thoughts to subjects of a more pleasing nature, and more in harmony with those arts over which Peace loves to spread her gentle influences and her protecting wings. One of the two prints that have called forth these remarks indicates such a return. The first, "The Soldier's Departure," represents a detachment of Highlanders marching, at sunset, through a defile of Scottish mountain-land; one of the men, having lingered behind the rest to take his final leave of his family, assembled at the cottage-door, is now seen hurrying forward to overtake his companions: in the other plate he is meeting them again, all sound and well. Mr. Ritchie is an artist of considerable notoriety in Edinburgh; these subjects show him to possess the poetic feeling of a true painter; his style is peculiar, but very effective, and he is a rich colourist. All we need say of Mr. Brooks' success as a chromo-lithographer is, that when we saw these prints in a shop-window, before they came into our hands, we mistook them for highly-finished water-colour drawings. Few works of their class deserve to be more popular.

THE CHALK WAGONER IN THE LIMOUSIN. Engraved by E. GOODALL, from the picture by ROSA BONHEUR. Published by E. GAMBART & Co., London.

This, we believe, is the first line-engraving executed from the works of Mademoiselle Rosa Bonheur, and it is also the first publication issued in England from one of her pictures; all prints that have hitherto appeared are lithographies produced in Paris. The "Chalk Waggon" was one of two pictures, the other being a "Drove of Cattle in Brittany," sent by the artist to the first exhibition of French works in Pall-Mall, in 1854, and was there purchased by William Wilson, Esq., of Banknock, the liberal and well-known collector, who has courteously allowed it to be engraved. It is well for the reputation of Mademoiselle Bonheur that her picture was placed in the hands of so skilful an engraver as Mr. Goodall, for there are but few of those who handle the *burin* who would not have failed in imitating the peculiarities of her style; Mr. Goodall has copied them perfectly. We have here not alone her bold conceptions, and her accurate knowledge of the anatomy of the figure, both of man and horse, but we recognise also the singularity of texture which distinguishes her works from those of any other artist—a peculiar softness or indistinctness of detail, that does not, however, become "woolly," as it is technically called—for if it did, we should consider it a defect rather than otherwise. To our eyes, this lady's style of painting imparts richness and delicacy to her works; most certainly it does to the engraving, which manifests these qualities in a high degree. The print is small, but it will be pronounced a gem of its class.

FERNY COMBES, A RAMBLE AFTER FERNS IN THE GLENS AND VALLEYS OF DEVONSHIRE. By CHARLOTTE CHANTER. Published by LOVEL REEVE, London.

This charming little volume is dedicated by its author "to the Rev. Charles Kingsley, and to Mrs. Kingsley, as a small token of the gratitude due to them for awakening and fostering in their children a love of nature and beauty; by their daughter, Charlotte Chanter." We thus learn that Mrs. Chanter is the sister of the "Charles Kingsley," whose "Glaucus" was the companion of our rambles amid the sea-side beauties of Devonshire, last season; and truly these "children" have much cause for additional gratitude towards parents who fostered in them a "love of nature and beauty"—a love that has yielded such an abundant harvest. We expressed our gratitude last year to Mr. Charles Kingsley for having not only opened a new volume of nature for our perusal, but for having so paged and noted it, that pleasure and information were blended with the happiest skill; and now his sister, Mrs. Chanter, presents to us a brilliant little chronicle of ferns—the very gipsies of the underwood—the most graceful of all the leafy tribe that adorn our paths, and enwreath our hedge-rows and forest glades with their evergreen beauty.

Mrs. Chanter disclaims all pretension to supersede the scientific or necessary works already published on the study of ferns; her object being simply to give a short account of those that may be found in Devon, in such a manner as may render them readily recognised by the novice in botany, and to describe some few of the beauties of the beautiful districts of the West. "My humble effort," she says, "is designed to lead the youthful, and to cheer the weary spirit, by leading them with a woman's hand to the Ferny Combes and dells of Devon, where my best reward will be their innocent amusement, or their restoration to health under the soothing influences of a rambling tour." Mrs. Chanter advises the home-tourist "to leave the train at Bridgewater, and take the road which runs through Minehead to Lynton. Now that we have passed," she says, "Coleridge's 'Nether Stowey,' and Southey's 'Kilne by the green sea,' which shines in the sun away to our right, with the hills of Wales beyond; after crossing the beautiful Quantock Hills, we see in front of us the country to which we are bound." The lady assures us this is the best entrance into Devonshire; though we confess we think it wiser to suffer the scenery to increase in beauty upon us than to dash into it at once; however, that is a matter of opinion. Mrs. Chanter's book is a sweet companion, whatever road is taken. "Combe" is the Devon name of "valley," and the valleys of Devon are rich in other growths besides ferns; the botanist will find a rich abundance of nearly all he seeks, and we need not remind our artist friends of the landscape treasures of the shire. The illustrations are exactly what we should expect, arranged, as they have doubtless been, by the taste and knowledge of Mr. Reeve, to whom the lovers of natural history are already so largely indebted for many of the most useful and delightful books in our language.

CHROMOLITHOGRAPHS. Printed by M. & N. HANHART, London.

The establishment of Messrs. Hanhart has put forth another batch of coloured prints, all of them so good that it would be difficult to have a preference for one over the others. We have on many former occasions spoken so favourably of this comparatively new form of Art-productions, that our vocabulary of eulogistic terms is well-nigh exhausted; indeed, nothing seems now left for us to do but to record the appearance of these prints as they come into our hands. Of the number just received, the largest is from a picture by J. D. Harding—"Cluses," a picturesque mountainous scene in the kingdom of Sardinia; it is a bright sunshiny print, but the trees want the vigour and sharpness of touch which characterise this artist's works; the sky, mountains, and broken foreground are capital: the print is published by Rowney & Co. "Broadstairs," after J. Callow, "Andernach," and "Petrarch's House," after S. Prout—three prints published by Lloyd Brothers—are all good: in the first, the sea is dashed in with remarkable vigour and truth, and the "pair of Prouts" are as fresh and as faithful as if they had just come out of the lamented artist's quiet studio at Camberwell. An "Interior of a Cathedral," is the facsimile of a sketch by D. Roberts, R.A. "Ben Nevis," after T. M. Richardson, is noticeable for the transparency of its colouring, and the solidity with which the mountains are expressed; it is a charming subject, most felicitously treated. "The Meadow-side,"

sheep and cows, from a drawing by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., is slight, yet brilliant and effective. The "Approving Critic," a peasant urchin standing before an easel, with a lighted candle in his hand, possibly contemplating his own portrait—for the back of the picture only is seen—is one of those droll conceptions which are always identified with W. Hunt's figure subjects: the copy is inimitable. All these last-mentioned prints are published by the lithographers, Messrs. Hanhart. We see the name of J. Coventry upon most of the prints, as the artist who has transferred the originals to the stone; we are bound to compliment him upon the satisfactory manner in which he has executed his respective labours—not a very easy task it would seem to us, to imitate the various styles of the artists whose works were placed before him.

BLACK'S PICTURESQUE TOURIST OF SCOTLAND. Published by A. & C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

The words "twelfth edition" on the title-page of this book render it almost unnecessary for us to add anything by way of recommendation, especially as former editions have received our favourable notice. We are told in the preface to this new issue, that the work has undergone a thorough revision and correction—the information in several instances having been entirely re-written, from notes taken during tours recently made expressly for this edition. It certainly appears to contain all the tourist can desire to know, while the subject-matter is conveyed in the simplest and most ready form. We observe that the map of Scotland which is introduced, is printed on thin cloth instead of the usual material—paper: this is a vast improvement where reference has so frequently to be made to it by the traveller.

THE STRANGER'S HANDBOOK TO CHESTER AND ITS ENVIRONS. By THOMAS HUGHES. Published by T. CATHERALL, Chester; J. R. SMITH, London.

It is an undeniable fact that hundreds, nay thousands, of Englishmen, and Englishwomen too, are far better acquainted with certain parts of continental countries than with their own; and yet nowhere has nature spread out with such a lavish hand such temptations, in the way of the picturesque and the beautiful, to woo the traveller to home enjoyments as he may easily find within the limits of Great Britain and Ireland, if he will only look for them. We have no desire to place a bar across the harbours of Dover or Folkestone, at this or any other season of the year; but we have "a pretty stiff notion" that if the Englishman entertained only half an idea of what there is to be seen between the Land's End and John o' Groat's House, and across the Irish Sea, he would feel little disposition to explore the marvels of other countries, at least until those of his own are exhausted. This propensity for foreign travel, almost to the entire neglect of our own country, has within the last few years grown to such an extent that the subject has at length been taken up by some of the leading public journals—and not before it was needed—with a desire to turn the thoughts of their readers to the sources of health, enjoyment, recreation, and instruction that surround us at home. Here, for example, is "rare old Chester," a city the like of which is not in Europe—full of antiquarian interest and stirring historical associations, and environed by landscape scenery that is sweet and soothing to look upon. Though our recommendation comes rather late in the season, it may not be too late to advise those who have a week or two yet to spare out of town, to take a run thither and explore its beauties and antiquities with Mr. Hughes's excellent guide in their hands; and we would tell them who have not such an opportunity, that, as the book is full of illustrations, they may receive from it a good idea of what is to be seen both within and without the walls of the city.

PAINTING WITH BOTH HANDS; OR THE ADOPTION OF THE PRINCIPLE OF THE STEREOSCOPE IN ART, AS A MEANS TO BINOCULAR PICTURES. By JOHN LONE. CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

An artist of our acquaintance, for many years past holding a distinguished rank in his profession, but whose earlier life was occupied in painting for the stage, once told us that scene-painting was "capital fun; you see, we have our colours in pailfuls, we get a long-handled brush about as big as a birch-broom, and then we go boldly to work with both hands." Making all proper allowance for the enthusiastic exaggeration of our friend in his description of scene-painting, we do not suppose that his method of working is exactly that which Mr. Lone advocates in his pamphlet; and yet we should have been half-inclined from the writer's remarks to think it is, were it not for a note on one of the

pages, which informs the reader that his plan is to employ two pencils at the same time, one in each hand. How this is to be done, however desirable its adoption may be, we are not told; nor can we imagine how it would be possible so to direct each eye to its corresponding hand as to watch its operations and note its doings. But, supposing even this difficulty overcome, painting being an effort of the mind as well as of manual labour, what artist could fix his thoughts on two separate and distinct objects, or portions of his picture, at the same time, so as ultimately to combine them into one harmonious whole? In truth, Mr. Lone's theories are ingenious, but fallacious, to our notion—for we cannot see how the principles of the stereoscope can be applied to the art of painting: the stereoscope does not create the picture—it only serves to show it to us in a peculiar and true aspect; it is nature, or in the case of painting, the artist, who makes the picture: the man and the instrument do not stand on equal terms with respect to the work each has to perform.

THE BRITISH WORKMAN.—THE BAND OF HOPE. Published by PARTRIDGE & Co., London.

There is nothing more cheering than to find "angels amongst us unawares;" and these publications—which we have put together, as being under the control of the same editor—go a long way to prove the fact that such are labouring earnestly for the "workman" and the "child." Both publications deserve the patronage of every employer and landholder in the kingdom, and should be found on the table of the "workman" as well as in the cottage of the peasant. We cannot recommend these cheap and admirable works too highly. Mr. Smithies deserves to be classed amongst the philanthropists of modern times, labouring as he does in comparative obscurity, and yet diffusing a mild beneficent light among "the people." Both THE BAND OF HOPE and THE BRITISH WORKMAN are miracles of cheapness; and many of the illustrations would do credit to our own pages.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS OF LIVING CELEBRITIES, Nos. 1 & 2. Executed and published by MAULL & POLYBLANK, London.

An attempt, and by no means an unsuccessful one, is made in this work to supersede the labour of the engraver, by the camera. The portraits given in these respective numbers are those of Professor Owen, and the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay; the former is excellent—bright, intellectual, and life-like; the historian and essayist is just the reverse—

"His eyes are heavy, and he fain would sleep."

The contour and the physiognomy of the man are here, but they convey a very imperfect notion of the brilliant historical romancist of the nineteenth century. A short biographical notice, by Herbert Fry, accompanies the portrait of each "celebrity."

GRACE HAMILTON'S SCHOOL DAYS. By EMMA JANE WORBOISE. BINNS & GOODWIN, Bath.

There are numbers, young and old, who will be greatly pleased with this volume, as it contains more than the ordinary incidents of school-girl life, combined with much that is sound morality and religion. But books intended for the amusement as well as the instruction of youth should avoid all manner and appearance of lecturing—the moral should spring out of the incident without force or constraint; the young do not like being trapped into a lesson or a sermon when they expect a story; and when any extra reasoning is indulged in, it should appear inevitable—not to the writer, but to the reader. The introduction of poor literature into a school is a serious evil, and cannot be too cautiously guarded against; but girls who have passed the years of childhood are naturally prone to seek amusement, during their leisure hours, in light literature, and every establishment should have a well-selected library, with which education has apparently nothing to do. We say "apparently," because everything is education until the mind is formed; and those who are properly skilled in training well know that taste, feeling, expression, truth, honour—all the higher as well as the beautifying qualities of mind and matter—can be taught without reference to a school-book or a lesson.

A TREATISE ON THE CURE OF STAMMERING. By JAMES HUNT, M.R.S.L., &c. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

To those who are afflicted with the distressing ailment this book may be very strongly recommended; it is the production of a gentleman of great intelligence and much knowledge, who inherited from his father (long famous for the cure of this defect) the duty of lessening it, or removing it, by a system based upon common sense, careful study, and matured experience.

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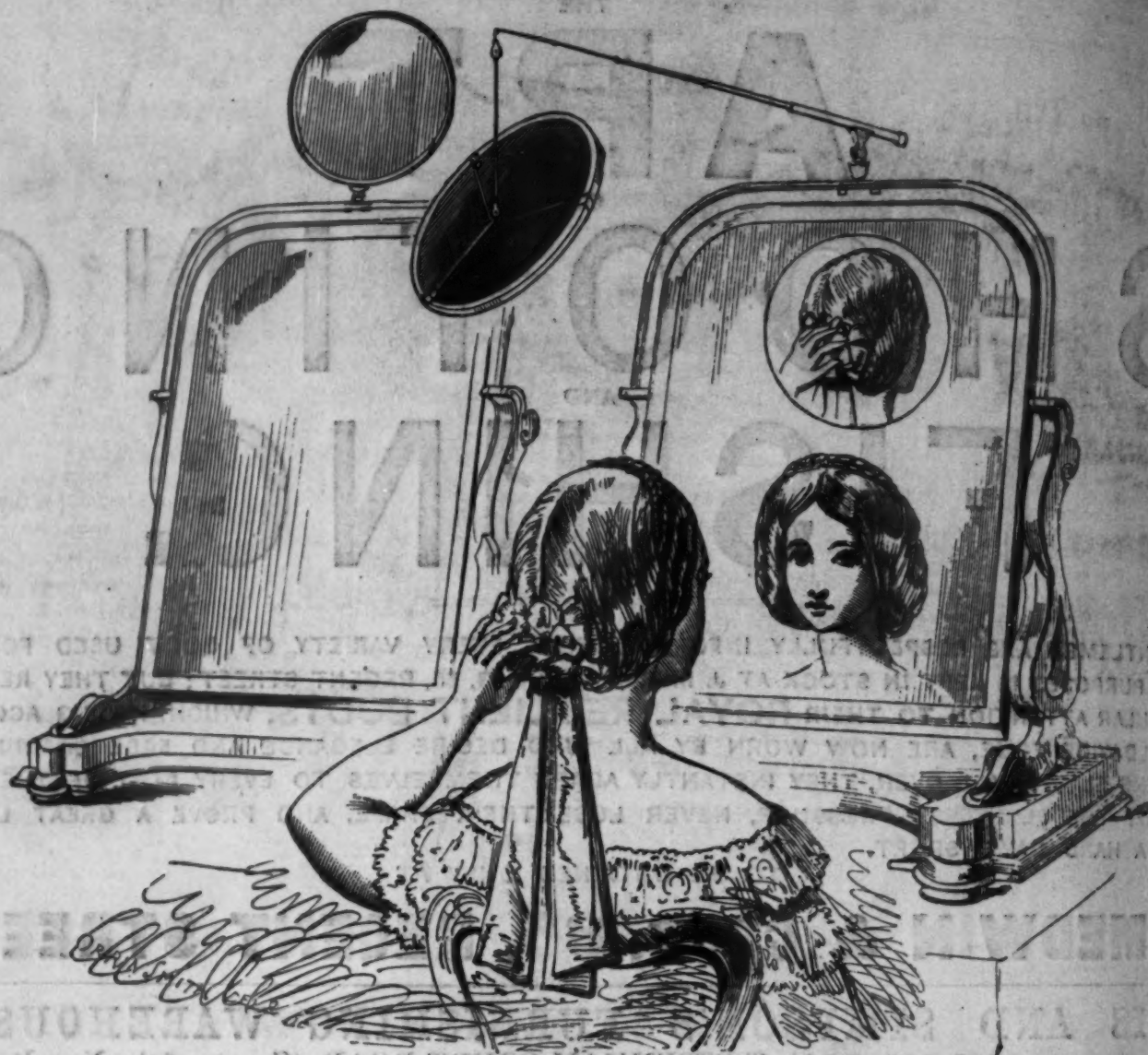
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